



J. J. Buckton Brown

With kindest regards
his friends beg
to say
J. J. Buckton Brown

28th July, 1897.

LETTERS FROM THE CRIMEA



Elliott & Fry, Photo.

Walker & Boutall, Ph. Sc.

S. Lysons.

THE CRIMEAN WAR

FROM FIRST TO LAST

BY GENERAL

SIR DANIEL LYSONS, G.C.B.

LONDON

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET

1895

DEDICATED BY PERMISSION
TO
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE

PREFACE

A FEW months ago I happened to come into possession of all the letters I had written to my mother and sister during the Crimean War.

The interest in that War having of late been somewhat revived, many of my friends have suggested to me that my letters might be acceptable to the public. As they contain little more than descriptions of everyday life, with no attempt at military detail, I have felt great diffidence in producing them, and it is only the very kind encouragement I have received that has induced me to take the step.

My excuse may be that I had the good fortune to have been the very first soldier to jump on shore at the landing of the army at "Old Fort," and never to have left the camp of the Light Division for a single day from the

commencement to the end of the War. I was present at the skirmish on the Boulganac, the Battle of the Alma, the affair of M'Kenzie's Heights, the Battle of Inkermann, and served in the trenches throughout the siege, including both attacks on the Redan.

After peace was proclaimed, I saw something of the more beautiful parts of the Crimea. All of these experiences are mentioned in my letters.

Some of my descriptions may be sad and somewhat monotonous ; they would not be true pictures of that long, tedious siege, and of our desperate struggle for bare life on that fearful sea of mud and snow during the first winter, were they not so. I trust the descriptions of the more stirring events at the Redan, and of the gleams of sunshine that sometimes broke upon us, may relieve the dulness of these sadder relations.

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LETTERS WRITTEN DURING THE CRIMEAN WAR.

TO HIS MOTHER.

PORTSMOUTH, *March* 1854.

FOR the last few days we have been in great uncertainty as to our destination, one day we hear that we are to go to the Baltic, the next that we are for the East. We do not, as yet, know for certain how or where we are to go. I think it will be soon, for we have been dilly-dallying quite long enough, I should fancy, even to please the present Government.

I have everything ready,—a pack-saddle, made to carry two overland trunks, a valise containing a mattress, 6 feet 6 by 2 feet 2, and a tin canteen in canvas bag, all the pieces made to fit one into another, and a gutta-

percha bucket. The canteen was made from a pattern I invented in Canada some years ago for moose-hunting expeditions.

“TRENT”—“In the Bay of Biscay, O!”
7th April 1854.

From the time we started we have had the most delicious weather imaginable, hardly a cloud to be seen. We have got the ship in capital order, and are as comfortable as possible. We passed the Start Light the first evening, 4th April, but too far off to see it. We were off Ushant early yesterday morning, and at twelve o'clock to-day were about 120 miles from Cape Torinano, we expect to be at Gibraltar on Monday. We have seen nothing extraordinary yet; to-day not a single sail has been seen.

Our band has been playing nicely each day. Old “Bob” and my new mare are very comfortable in boxes on the upper deck. Vane has just come below, saying, “It is so hot on deck I can’t stand it.”

9th April.—Two hours after I began this letter it clouded over and became cold,

but still continued calm. In the afternoon we passed a large French merchantman, who saluted us by lowering her ensign three times.

On the 8th, at five in the morning, we passed pretty near to Cape Finisterre and were in sight of land all day, with boats and small vessels constantly in sight; the weather still cloudy but calm. I forgot to say that we saw the comet on the night of the 6th, it was a little hazy, but not to be mistaken. A large steamer passed us on the night of the 7th, homeward bound.

This morning when I first looked out we were passing some fine bold rocks, the "Burling Rocks," standing out in the sea; one, a high, flat island, had a lighthouse on it. At eleven o'clock we had service, Hall Dare read; soon after we came up to the rock of Lisbon. We were not more than 3 miles from land, and could see the palace on the summit of the hills over Cintra, also Cintra itself. The mountains about there are very fine and bold.

The weather to-day is beautiful, but what

wind there is, is ahead. Our captain says we shall not get to Gibraltar till Tuesday. One of the Oriental steamers has just passed us, homeward bound: I suppose she will report us.

10th April.—At two o'clock this morning we passed Cape St. Vincent, soon after which a heavy swell got up. Bulwer, John, and a few others have been sick, also many of the men, but the weather has been lovely—the sun very hot. This afternoon the sea has gone down, and it is calm again. We are now steering straight for Cape Spartel, going on half-steam, as the captain does not wish to go into the straits before daylight to-morrow morning. We shall have very little time there, I suppose, so I must give you an account of Gibraltar, etc., some other time.

We sit down about thirty-eight to dinner each day. We breakfast at 8.30, parade at 10.30, lunch at twelve, dine at four, tea at eight, brandy and water at ten, “lights out” at eleven. Our principal amusements on board are reading, and playing a sort of ship-billiards on a board with flat pieces of lead. My cabin

is a small one near the stern with a large port; very comfortable, though very small.

11th April.—At five o'clock this morning we were under Apes Hill on the coast of Barbary, we then steamed straight across to the rock of Gibraltar, got there at seven o'clock, and found the 7th Fusiliers on board the *Oronoco* already at the dock, coaling. The Staff in the *Tonning* have just come in. We have to remain here till to-morrow morning, but cannot go on shore as we are in quarantine.

TO HIS SISTER.

GIBRALTAR, 12th April 1854.

About an hour after I wrote, the *Tonning* steamer came in with the Staff on board, of course they were released from quarantine, and they were obliged to release us at the same time.

I went on shore with Campbell, and we walked up to the galleries, then up to the signal station on the top of the hill, whence we had a beautiful view of Spain and the coast of Barbary—Ceuta was very clear.

After that we visited the St. Michael's Cave, a fine, large, deep cavern on the side of the hill, the Windmill Hill Barracks, the Almodo where the troops have their guard-mounting, and round which there are beautiful gardens, full of aloes, geraniums in full bloom, roses, oranges, etc.

Next morning I went again with Campbell, we walked through the town to the lines across the neutral ground and into Spain. The neutral ground is a flat piece, all sandy; our lines consist of a line of black sentry-boxes, and the Spanish lines of a line of white boxes. The rock on the north side is magnificent, nearly perpendicular; the colouring and airiness of the landscapes are beautiful. We breakfasted at an hotel in town. The *Tonning* sailed at two o'clock; we are to sail at about four, and in five days expect to be at Malta.

TO HIS MOTHER.

OFF THE ISLAND OF GALLITA,
16th April 1854.

I wrote to you from Gibraltar, and sent a note to Catherine just before we started.

We finished our coaling at about five o'clock on the evening of the 12th, and immediately hauled off from the wharf and got under weigh, passing round Europa Point into the Mediterranean; the sea was smooth, and we had daylight enough to see the back of the rock. From this side it is bold, but not so striking as from other points.

The following day we had a strong easterly wind and heavy seas on our port side. We saw a fine coast with a range of snow-capped mountains in the background, and a great number of vessels of different sorts around us, amongst others were two transports with horses on board.

On the 14th the wind came round to the west but the sea kept up; we made land on our starboard side, the coast of Algeria, and about eleven o'clock at night passed the light at Algiers, though it was too dark to see anything more than the light.

15th.—Very heavy swell from the east, but little wind; the land still not far off on the starboard side; mountains fine, some covered with snow. We passed Cape Boujaroun at

about eleven o'clock, and overtook a French brig, a transport, with what we supposed to be artillery on board. This morning it has been cloudy and the wind is ahead. We have just passed the island and rocks of Gallita, near which the *Avenger* was lost; it is a barren rock, with several small rocks round it. We find it cold still at sea, and since we have been in the Mediterranean it has not been half so fine as it was in the Atlantic. I have just finished Colonel Chesney's *Campaign in Turkey during 1828 and 1829*; I believe it is the best work on the country.

17th.—This morning has been very fine; but the wind fresh, and from the east. At noon we were off the island of Pantelaria, a very pretty island, one side of it covered with vegetation. We could see the town very well with its large church; there are a number of villas near it; the land is very high.

We have just made out a steamer astern of us, I think she is the *Tonning* with the Staff; if so, she must have come to grief in some way, as she left Gibraltar before us, and

is said to be fast. We expect to be in Malta to-morrow morning early.

Our occupations on board are generally the same every day. I get up about seven o'clock, have a bath, walk on deck, at half-past eight breakfast, then go on deck again, visit the horses, see decks parade at ten, write, draw, or read till twelve, at which hour we "make it twelve,"—or, in other words, lunch—then read or draw till four, dine, walk on deck, read, or play at ship-billiards, at eight tea, read, play at whist, or go on deck and sing (the men sing capitally and dance sometimes), at ten we have our glass of grog and go to bed, at eleven "lights out."

18th.—This morning at about eight o'clock we got into Malta. It is a very extraordinary place, the entrance to the harbour being not more than 100 yards across.

Evelyn Pocklington sent on board to ask Wynn to breakfast, but seemed to forget that there was such a person as myself; however, I did go to see him and his wife, who are housed in one of the palaces, and are very comfortable. All the houses are of white stone and very handsome.

The *City of London* and the *Tonning* came in this morning, the latter broken down, we have to tow her on—very pleasant. The 7th, in the *Oronoco*, went on yesterday. A French vessel full of artillery and Chasseurs d'Afrique, lying astern of us, looks very picturesque.

Lord Raglan is expected here to-morrow. We hear that the First Division have all arrived at Gallipoli, and found no arrangements made for them—no provisions, no commissariat, no water, or horses, or mules ; everything appears to have been miserably mismanaged, and all the Generals and Staff are behind.

I have been to see Mr. and Mrs. Coxon ; they are living at an hotel, but soon move into a house. They are both looking very well.

TO HIS SISTER.

OFF BELLO POULO, 21st April 1854.

I wrote again from Malta. We only stopped nine hours there, and I tried to see as much as I could. The palace where the Governor lives

is very handsome; all the buildings are fine, though the streets are very narrow, and many of them up steps. The officers' quarters are all in the old knights' palaces, with large, lofty rooms, splendid staircases, and galleries. The St. John's Church is extremely handsome, covered all over with gilt carving and inlaid marble; some of the monuments are very fine. The streets were full of guardsmen, British soldiers of all sorts, French soldiers, Greeks, Jews, lots of priests with immense shovel hats, and women in black silk with curious sorts of black hoods over their heads; but nothing is so fine as the Moor at Gibraltar, with his white turban, blue cloak, red shirt, bare legs, and yellow slippers—and such handsome men.

At five o'clock we hauled off from the wharf, gave the Frenchmen and the Turkish steamer three cheers, and then went to take the broken-down *Tonning* in tow. We got safe out of harbour with her after some trouble, and soon after dark passed a large steamer going into Malta; she saluted us with rockets. Yesterday we passed a large man-of-war steamer being towed by another; she has evidently come to

grief somehow or other. This morning we made Cape Matapan, and saw the beautiful mountain St. Elias covered with snow. About twelve o'clock we passed between Cerigo and Cape St. Angelo ; soon after saw Cerigotto, then Candia like a white cloud in the distance. We are now coming up to the island of Bello Poulo.

At Malta we heard that they had no water or provisions at Gallipoli ; no horses or mules have been procured. None of the Staff or Generals have arrived, except Sir George Brown, who has issued an order reducing our baggage and allowance of horses below what is allowed us by the Queen's warrant and the Commander-in-Chief's orders, which has caused much discontent and dissatisfaction. We shall have to throw away all our beds and half of our kits. In all probability we shall be sent on to Constantinople.

23rd—IN DARDANELLES.—Yesterday evening two steamers came in sight of us going the same way ; the evening before we saw the *Cambria* towing the *Indus* going back, also a French steamer full of men, either prisoners, or invalids going back.

This morning at daylight we were between Tenedos and the mainland; at six o'clock we got to the entrance of the Dardanelles, and saw the plains of Troy; a large number of vessels all round us—one French frigate, our two steamer friends, and several ships of different nations. At half-past eight we passed the *Sultan* steamer homeward bound, and the *Oronoco* at nine. We passed between the two great forts that command the passage. A number of Turkish soldiers were making new works; we could see the great guns with their stone balls quite plain. The country on the Asiatic side is well cultivated and looks like Devonshire.

If I write no more, you may conclude that we have disembarked at Gallipoli, where we expect to arrive at two o'clock; if we go on to Constantinople I will write more, so for the present, adieu.

GALLIPOLI.—Ships of war and troops in every direction—very animated scene. We go on to Scutari, opposite to Constantinople.

TO RALPH PRICE, ESQ.

"TRENT" STEAMER, SEA OF MARMARA,

24th April 1854.

I send you enclosed a panorama of Gallipoli taken by me yesterday, it is very roughly done, as I had very little time, but it is correct in the main points. Will you, like a good fellow, take or send it to Burford, the Leicester Square Panorama man, and see if he would like to have it? If he does not think it good enough, or worth his while to paint it, let the *Illustrated London News* have it; but if they take it they must promise to return my original sketch to you, that you may send it as soon as possible to my mother. If they will not promise this, please send it at once to her.

We have had a delightful trip thus far; we stopped a day at Gibraltar, saw everything there, then steamed on to Malta, passing Algiers, the island of Pantelaria, etc. We coaled at Malta which kept us nine hours—time to see the beautiful church of St. John's, the fortifications, palaces, etc. From thence we had to take the steamer *Tonning* in tow, which

had broken down ; however, we had very fine weather and made Gallipoli in five days.

On our arrival there we found that only 5000 English troops had landed, all the rest having been sent on to Scutari. Our arrangements have been infamous ; there is no commissariat, the men are half-starved, and officers came on board our steamer to beg for tea, bread, or anything they could get. No generals, except Sir G. Brown, have arrived, and no staff. There are no mules for us, in fact, no organisation whatever. What a contrast to the French army, which arrived and landed by divisions and brigades with their generals and full staff, commissariat, provisions, mules for everybody, pack-saddles all complete, and ready to march the moment they landed without the slightest confusion. We are now on our way to Scutari with the *Tonning* still sticking to us ; she landed part of her horses yesterday.

TO HIS MOTHER.

“TRENT,” OPPOSITE SCUTARI,
25th April 1854.

We arrived this morning and have just anchored close under the immense barracks of Scutari; we were detained a day at Gallipoli. I sent a long letter from there to Catherine. I also took a panorama of the bay which I am going to send to Ralph Price, to have it either painted, if it is good enough, or put in the *Illustrated London News*. It is only a rough sketch; I desired him to take care and get my original back again and send it to you.

We are to land this afternoon and be encamped. I believe we are to be in brigade with the 7th and 33rd Regiments under Sir Colin Campbell. The report is that we are to drive the Russians across the Danube, and then to follow them over the Pruth, but not attack Sebastopol.

The *Fury* steamer went under the guns of Sebastopol a few days ago and took a Russian corvette; but being pursued she was obliged to leave her prize, though she carried away the captain, officers, and crew.

TO HIS SISTER.

CAMP, SCUTARI, *2nd May 1854.*

I wrote to you from Gibraltar and Malta, and sent a letter the day I arrived here; the last was a short one, I forget how much I said. The night we were at Gallipoli happened to be the Feast of Ramazan; all the minarets were illuminated at the part that swells out, and produced in the dark a very pretty effect; the Turkish steamer also was illuminated. The following morning we went on, with our lame duck in tow.

The Dardanelles are not picturesque at all; the European side being very barren and uncultivated. The Asiatic shore is much more fertile and wooded but not striking.

After we got out of the sea of Marmara we were obliged to lie-to off the island of Marmara, as the captain did not wish to run in till daylight. On Tuesday morning accordingly we came in sight of the far-famed Stamboul. I cannot say I was much enchanted with my first introduction; it is very like all the drawings, only not half so pretty. We landed in the

afternoon; I went up previously and pitched our camp with fatigue parties from several regiments. We found the Staff in sad confusion, no one knowing who was in command or where any one or anything was to be found.

Three days after we arrived we had a great review, for the Seraskier Pasha, or Commander-in-Chief. Wilbraham of the 7th was sent as A.D.C. to the Seraskier, and I was sent as A.D.C. to Lord Stratford, but after waiting till one o'clock for my gentleman I came away from the wharf, his lordship being unable to come over. It was the day the French Ambassador was to have left. Since then the Guards have arrived. At first we were brigaded with the 7th and 33rd and put in the same division with the Guards, but yesterday Lord Raglan, who arrived the day before, told us off as the First Brigade of what is to be the Light Division, with the 7th and 33rd; the 19th, 77th, and 88th forming the Second Brigade. The Second Battalion Rifle Brigade is also to be attached to us; General Brown is to command our division, and Airey is our brigadier. Part of the Artillery arrived to-day.

An immense barrack has been given to us which the Staff have taken possession of, turning out everybody, except three regiments ; the barrack is built round a square with a fine gallery facing inwards, far superior to anything we have in England, but full of fleas, etc.

We are encamped on some open ground close behind these barracks, ourselves, the 7th, and 88th together, the 33rd between us and the sea ; the Guards are on a little hill or sloping ground opposite to us, a grass field with a stream running through it lying between us and them. We have had some cold weather and one or two very wet days and nights ; in wet weather our camp is one mass of clay-mud that sticks to everything. One storm we had nearly blew all our tents down ; several poles broke in the night and let the tents down on the inmates. I took care to have mine loose enough before it got wet, and drove the pegs well in ; altogether I have been pretty comfortable.

I miss old England much ; my new servant is very little use, and I am obliged to do everything, cooking, etc., for myself. Our rations consist of three-quarters of a pound of a very

tough sort of buffalo beef, and a small brown loaf, rather sour. I generally get a cauliflower, which vegetable is very fine here and cheap, and a few potatoes that are small and dear, to make a stew with the meat altogether. We get goat's milk, and eggs at a halfpenny each; I brought tea with me.

I have been over the water to Galata, Pera, and Stamboul; the two former are on the north side of the Golden Horn. The streets are extremely narrow and crowded, pitched with rough stones, everything dirty in the extreme; the shops are miserable little holes. All the reports about pale ale, etc., are fabulous; all the beer we can get is a nasty stuff full of rosin, at 1s. per bottle; brandy is very scarce and very bad, tea very dear.

The day before yesterday I went over with Conolly to try and buy a baggage-horse at the Bazaar at Stamboul, it was a singular sight; there were nothing but ponies for which they asked £35. I bargained and got one for £18 : 10s. I shall have to get one more as we are obliged to carry our own tents; it really is a great shame to oblige us to run all about

the country looking for horses, and buy them at such prices, when we have so much else to do.

Stamboul is more worth seeing than the other quarters of Constantinople; the streets are quite as rough and narrow, but the shops are better. There are whole streets of shops all selling the same article, these are called the Bazaar; each shop is a small, square room open to the street, and raised about 2 feet from the ground. The dresses are very picturesque but not brilliant, they are also extremely varied. The boats called caiques are singular, you sit down in the bottom of the boat; the boatmen are generally dressed in loose white dresses and fez caps on their heads.

I went for a pretty walk yesterday with Hare of the 7th up the Bosphorus, and came back in a caique; the Sultan's palaces looked well from the distance, but are most of them paltry, wooden things when you get close to them.

The stars have been brilliant the last few nights, Sirius very bright; this morning Venus was beautiful. Yesterday and to-day the

weather has been very hot, and the sun extremely powerful.

We get very little news here, except from *The Times* newspaper, and know nothing of the Russians except from the Fleet. Some steamers bombarded Odessa a short time ago and knocked one of their forts down, also burning a quantity of ships (merchantmen). They dare not take the place for fear of injuring our own and the Neutral people and vessels. We have heard nothing more, and do not know where or when we go

TO HIS MOTHER.

CAMP, SCUTARI, 19th May 1854.

We are still here, encamped on the same spot. Several regiments have joined lately; ourselves and the 7th are closed up to give room for the 88th, 77th, and 19th, beyond us on the same line towards the large burying-ground (look at my plan sent in my last letter), which brings all the Light Division—with the exception of the Rifle Brigade—together; the Horse Artillery are to be attached to us.

There are now seventeen regiments of infantry here, two of cavalry, the 17th and 8th, and three batteries of artillery. Three more regiments of infantry are expected every day.

We are all getting very tired of stopping here; there are rumours afloat that our division is to go up to Varna very soon, but there is nothing known for certain: in fact, it is impossible to get any correct information of any sort here, unless it is from *The Times*. It is evident we cannot move as an army, until we get all our artillery and cavalry ready to move; even then we shall go into the field with about 30 guns against 100. Lord Raglan has been reviewing the army by divisions; we had a field-day on Tuesday, and have also had several brigade-days under Airey. The regiments move extremely well and know their work, but the Generals and Staff are very deficient; it really is wonderful, with the blunders of the Staff, how our men can work at all. Old Sir George Brown has been doing his best to bully everybody into his place; he is a fine old soldier, but rather crabbed.

All the admirable arrangements and

luxuries for the army spoken of in *The Times* exist alone, as yet, in the imagination of the writers, I only hope they may be coming and will arrive before the campaign is over; our luxuries have consisted till lately of one pound of sour bread, and three-quarters of a pound of buffalo flesh. Now the doctors have declared the buffalo meat unwholesome and likely to produce cholera in the camp, so we get very indifferent mutton instead; I generally stew mine with rice or a little flour, and, when I can get them, potatoes. The last day or two I have made a very successful attempt at a bread-pudding; we also get good eggs and salad, these are the best things we get, and are not furnished by the commissariat. The wine of the country at 10s. a bottle is pretty good, it is called Tenedos, but I suspect it is made here.

About a fortnight ago I went a long walk with Campbell, up some hills about 14 miles from our camp, we put up lots of quail and saw four red-legged partridges; most of the country is covered with a low, evergreen shrub, wild rosemary, and heather—there is a beautiful white heath that flowers in long, spiral branches—I

also found small yellow irises and anemones of the most brilliant scarlet. On the top of the hill the view was very magnificent; on one side we looked down over the sea of Marmara and the beautiful gulf of Ismid; on the other, over a tract of hilly country to the Black Sea and northern end of the Bosphorus. Behind us was a wild hilly sort of moor, with cornfields and vineyards here and there, and in front a well-cultivated plain with villages dotted about—shocking, miserable, dirty places when you get into them. A little farther off lay Scutari, the camp and huge white barrack, then the Bosphorus, Constantinople, and the distant hills beyond.

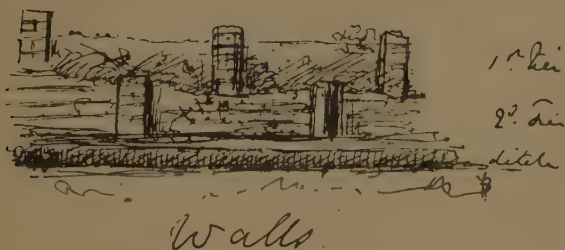
We met on the summit of the hill a Greek shepherd who fraternised, and after some conversation in signs produced from his rags a book, a pen-case, and ink-bottle! He then got me to write our alphabet for him and repeat each letter, and as I did so, he wrote in Turkish characters the sounds; after he had completed it, he read our alphabet as clearly as I could, pronouncing it quite correctly; he then made me write ba, be,

bi, etc., which he learned in a few moments, much to his satisfaction. I gave him a biscuit, which he kissed and raised to his head in the most graceful manner; he gave us some sorrel, and a sort of herb that looked like wild onion but had no strong taste, it was pleasant and moistened our mouths, which was very agreeable, for the sun was awfully hot.

I have been to a great ball at the French Ambassador's; all the world was there. The great lion was Prince Napoleon, who was dressed like his uncle, and resembled him to a wonderful degree; people were crowding round him as if he was put there to be stared at. The Ambassador himself was a fine-looking man, but General St. Arnaud is a miserable-looking little fellow, with a small head and very receding forehead and small twinkling eye. The Austrian Ambassador is a very fine-looking man. Lord Raglan is looking very stout, and older than when I last saw him. I renewed my acquaintance with Prince Edward Saxe-Weimar; I also met old Boxer, Lord and Lady Errol, she was Miss Gore, and many old Canadian friends. There

were a number of pashas with frock coats covered with gold embroidery, amongst them the Sultan's brother-in-law : they were all short, fat, and sleepy. The ladies were few in number, vulgar and dirty in appearance. The rooms, crowded with masses of uniforms of different nations, were handsome and brilliantly lighted.

I have been all round the ancient walls of



Stamboul or Byzantium, which are very fine ; they are double, with a broad ditch in front of them flanked with towers, some square, some octagonal in the highest tier, square and semi-circular in the second tier ; they extend about 3 miles across from the Golden Horn to the sea of Marmara ; at the south end are the seven towers, which consist of four large round towers at the corners of a sort of castle just inside the walls.

The Grand Bazaar is very curious ; it covers a very considerable space, and is all covered in, arched over, and divided into streets, some broad enough for carriages to pass along them, others very narrow. The Shoe and Slipper Street and the Saddle-Cloth and Embroidered Jacket Streets are handsome.

On Friday last I went up to the Sweet Waters—a very pretty sight ; Campbell and I went up in a caique, it is about 5 miles up the Golden Horn. When we got about 3 miles up, the river became very narrow, running down a valley with green fields on each side, and full of caiques of every size. As we got farther on, the banks were covered with men and women, the latter all together on the same side ; here and there bands were playing, the instruments consisting of a curious sort of pipe and earthenware pots with parchment stretched over the end instead of kettledrums, which they beat in a monotonous manner, mandolines, and a few cornets ; all these bands sing as they play, the same sort of wild mountainous airs. The dresses and colours at a little distance are most brilliant and varied ; altogether the scene

is different from anything I have ever seen elsewhere.

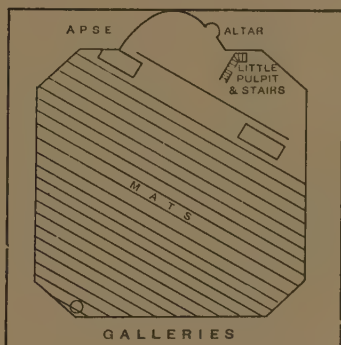
When we got to the fashionable drive, which is a rough, bare field, full of holes and ditches, with a few trees near the river or brook as it becomes there, we landed and found strings of gingerbread-looking carriages, without seats in them, and covered with tawdry gold, all full of veiled women, with their eyebrows painted across over their noses like one long eyebrow, and the eyelashes painted. Beneath their flowing outer garments, like capes or dressing-gowns, I observed many of them had very handsome under-dresses; some had splendid diamonds on their heads. The Sultan's sister was there in a coach and four grays driven by a coachman in a very shabby sort of dress; the carriage and harness were very bad and tawdry. She was followed by about eight carriages full of her attendants with guards on each side of them; there were also some gaily painted bullock-waggons full of people about. Altogether the sight at a little distance, with the carriages, pashas on horseback with handsome embroidered saddle-

cloths, thousands of groups of Turkish men and women sitting about on their carpets smoking their chibouks, waggons, men going about with cakes, lemonade, kabobs, etc., formed quite a fairy scene, but nothing here bears close inspection.

The day before yesterday a number of us got a firman to see the mosques and seraglio, for which we paid £9! The Sultan Achmet Mosque dome is supported on four marble pillars about 20 feet in diameter, made of many pieces. The floor which is of square tiles is covered with matting; there is a high altar, which is merely a niche in the centre of a sort of apse, with a piece of carpet under it. On one side of the apse was a straight, narrow wooden staircase leading up to a sort of pulpit; round the mosque inside is a gallery, outside there is a large cloister, and a large square or court.

The St. Sophia Mosque is still larger, and at first appears very magnificent; it is surrounded with a gallery supported by rows of Verde antico columns, and the dome is also supported by a higher row of the same columns. The ceilings have been covered with mosaic, nearly

all of which has fallen down—the priests sell it ; I got a few pieces for Catherine, but it is not very pretty, and is nothing but glass. The present ceiling is daubed with very rough paint, which at first has the appearance of gilding. In order to adapt the St. Sophia, which was a Christian church, to the Mohammedan religion, they have put all the mats diagonally across it, and the altar is put sideways ; everything in it is pointing towards Mecca, which spoils the general effect very much. The



gateways and fountain outside the mosque are handsome when not too closely inspected. The Seraglio Gardens are rather pretty—a sort of Italian garden ; the rooms are paltry and trashy in the extreme, like very bad scene-painting.

I have been employed already at my old work as Acting Judge-Advocate, and have had one court-martial—but a short case, one

day—that only makes two guineas, which I shall get, I suppose, two years hence. I believe I am to do all the work of that sort for the army here. Now I have bought my baggage-horse, I find I require very little money here. I hope I shall not lose either of my chargers; my mare is still laid up, but is getting better.

The weather has been very changeable since I last wrote, sometimes very wet and extremely cold, then violently hot, then cold again. When it is dry it blows, and we are covered with sand; when it is wet we are up to our knees in mud.

I have got a sketch of the camp, but have not been able to get many other sketches. One soon gets used to large numbers of men, a division seems nothing. General Escourt has taken the trouble to recognise me and has been very civil, in fact, he gave me the appointment of Acting Judge-Advocate. I had a long talk with Colonel Maule yesterday, who says he will have a pack of hounds here in the winter; Ned Wetherall is out, but, I am sorry to say, not attached to our division; Lord William Paulet is also here.

We have service every Sunday in brigades. At first we had a very nice chaplain, I never heard better sermons or more to the purpose in my life; I regret to say he has left us and another chaplain has joined our brigade. The Bishop of Gibraltar is coming to hold a confirmation soon.

A very curious thing happened here a day or two ago. Several of us were bathing down at the landing place below our camp. We had just come out of the water and were dressing, when a magnificent caique with no end of oars came sweeping up to the end of the little pier; a lot of attendants jumped out and formed in two lines facing inwards, then a very great swell landed and walked up between them. As he passed Sutton, who was quite naked, he struck him with his cane, whereupon Sutton turned round and knocked the swell head over heels with his fist! We all jumped up expecting to have a great fight; not a bit of it—no one moved. The great swell got up, wiped his bloody nose, and walked on followed by all his attendants, to pay his respects to Lord Raglan. We have not as yet heard a word about it.

TO HIS SISTER.

CAMP, SCUTARI, 25th May 1854.

I wrote my mother a long letter by the last post. We then knew nothing of our movements; yesterday evening we got our orders to embark our horses to-day, and ourselves to-morrow. We go in the *Andes*, and our destination is, I believe, K'avarna, about 25 miles above Varna. The Light Division moves first; it is reported that the Second Division will follow next week. What we are to do, of course, we do not know; some say, raise the siege of Silistria.

We have lost a fine steamer, the *Tiger*, in the Black Sea. She ran on some rocks in a thick fog, and when it cleared she found herself close under the land. She threw her guns overboard to lighten her, and as soon as she had done so, the Russians brought a battery down and opened fire on her. She was helpless; the captain lost one leg and was wounded in the other, and his nephew was killed; all the crew were taken prisoners. The *Niger* sent a boat with a flag of truce on shore

the next day, and heard that the prisoners were well treated. The captain (Gifford) was under the care of the wife of the principal officer. The Russians burned the ship. The *Niger* also ran ashore in a fog but got off; she is here now, coaling.

Yesterday we had a grand review in honour of the Queen's birthday. All the army was out just below our tents, facing the Guards' hill round three sides of a square in quarter-distance columns. The Cavalry were not ready, and the Horse Artillery were embarking for Kavarna—the latter are attached to us. In the evening the Guards illuminated their camp and an obelisk made of evergreens. They made a great row half the night through, much to the discomfort of the rest of the camp, who had to be up at four o'clock in the morning, and do harder work.

Tell my mother that the Bishop of Gibraltar came here last week to hold a confirmation, and on Sunday administered the sacrament to about 200 officers and men. I was amongst that number; Campbell went with me. I never saw a set of men appear more in earnest.

I have not heard from either of you for more than a month. I fear there is no chance of my hearing now for a long time; the letters seem to be forwarded in the most irregular manner. At Malta they refuse to forward letters unless they are paid for there by some private agent and redirected. I think this is an infamous thing on the part of our Government. I got a letter two days ago from Mrs. Wallington, directed to Portsmouth, wishing me good-bye.

If anything happens to me, Hall Dare has undertaken to manage my affairs here. My horses and kit will be sold, except my watch and sketch-books, which if forthcoming will be sent to you, together with the amount got for my things.

TO HIS MOTHER.

VARNA, 31st May 1854.

We arrived safe here yesterday in the screw steamer *Andes*. We towed a transport with some of the 8th Hussars on board. The Bosphorus was very pretty indeed, parts of it

something like what I remember of the Rhine. Our start was interesting. We had eight or nine large steamers altogether, each of which had to run up to a sailing ship and take her in tow. The *Emperor* got off first; then the *Megara* with the 7th; we followed, but soon passed both, our steamer, though smaller than many others, proving to be the fastest. We were all fairly under weigh at about two o'clock P.M.

On the following morning at eight o'clock we were close into Varna, when a thick fog came on, and we had to stand off again. At length it cleared, and we ran in at about three o'clock. Varna lies at the head of a small bay or gulf. The *Bellerophon* and French ship *Henri IV.* were there. During the fog several vessels managed to run past us and got the boats to land in. We had to remain till this morning. I was up at half-past two o'clock, and had pretty hard work landing the regiment. However, by eleven o'clock we had got to our ground just above Varna, looking over a pretty lake, and pitched our camp.

I have had to reduce my baggage again. We are obliged to carry our own tents, and

three days' forage for our horses. Old Bob and my mare have both very bad colds, but are otherwise safe. They object to being picketed, and fret with heel-ropes on.

1st June.—Poor Bunbury lost his first charger last night of inflammation. Bob coughed very much through the night, but does not look worse this morning. This place is very damp; we have been covered with mist till this moment, eight o'clock.

The biscuit they give us is not first-rate, it is all in little bits and dust. We have no fresh meat as yet, but I got a couple of fowls for 1s. 2d. last night, and am well off, as yet, having a small bag of tea and a piece of chocolate. I am sorry to say my servant has nearly burned the bottom of my kettle out,—so much for *tenthold* affairs.

We, that is to say the Light Division, are to move on to-morrow, and, I believe, to go two days' march up the country, and then halt till the rest of the army arrive at Varna, after which the report is that we are to advance on Silistria, the Light Division keeping always one day's march in advance. My eyes suffer a

little now and then, but are stronger to-day, and I have very little skin left on the end of my nose.

TO HIS MOTHER.

CAMP, ALADYN, *29th June 1854.*

I began to think I never was going to hear from you again. Mail after mail arrived, and haversack after haversack full of letters was emptied out on the ground. I saw eager hands seize the letters as their directions were read, but the heaps disappeared, the ground was left bare, and no letter ever remained for me. At length I ceased to attend when the mails came, as being things I had nothing to do with. I heard men saying how near it made England seem, reading letters from friends. It was always very far from me; I had no friends to write to me.

Three nights ago I was sitting in my tent, when to my surprise a sergeant brought me your letter dated the 3rd June, and most welcome it was. The day before yesterday I got a kind letter from old Parlby; this was a great improvement. Tell Catherine that if

you write on the day the mail starts, we get your letters in about ten days. If prepaid they cost us nothing; at any rate there are new regulations by which we get letters very cheap through France. The big drum in my sketch is the clergyman's desk.

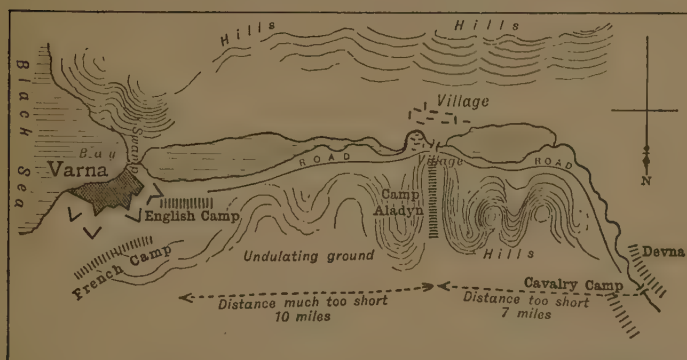
I am working at Turkish and have borrowed a grammar; but we have very little opportunity of practising, for we see little of the natives, and those we do see are Bulgarians who speak a very bad sort of Turkish.

The last letter I wrote to you was from Varna. We remained there in camp for about a week, and then marched on here, a distance of about 10 miles. The road was a roughish track through a sort of brushwood, a great deal of which is a shrub covered with thorns that tear one's clothes to pieces.

We are camped on a ridge of hill that terminates at a small stream which connects two small lakes. The annexed plan will give you some idea, but the distances are made much too short. The hills on the opposite side of the lake are well wooded with good-sized trees, principally oak. On this side there are some

trees round our camp, but most of the country is covered with underwood.

A few days after we arrived here we were ordered to march to Devna, but before night this was counter-ordered. About a week after we received instructions to be in readiness to move in three days, and be prepared to



Walker & Boutall sc.

march by successive days to Silistria. We were told the commissariat could only give our chargers five pounds of barley a day, and the baggage-horses three, and that in all probability we should only get rations for the first few days, after which we should have to shift for ourselves—very pleasant in a country almost uninhabited. We were therefore to be ready to leave our tents and baggage behind. However,

anything for a change ; and a chance of doing something was better than the dull, stupid life here.

When the day arrived, we marched out of camp and then marched back again. After this we heard we were to go back to embark at Varna, and to go somewhere else ; this also came to nothing. Now we have orders to march at half-past four o'clock to-morrow morning for Devna, there to remain. It is a bare spot, about 7 miles up on a small river that runs into the lake. The Cavalry are there already.

General Airey has been in command here. All the division together have been out three times a week drilling and practising, packing tents and marching, etc. I have come to like Airey very much, and think he is a very good man. He has established amusements for the officers and men. I am the president of the committee, Willett of the Horse Artillery, Kennedy 77th, and Baynes of 88th are the other committee men.

We have had two days' racing, etc., which went off very well, excepting some unfortunate accidents. The first day a horse fell dead

and hurt his rider, Markham of the Rifles ; the second day Conolly got a bad fall, and a sergeant of the 33rd broke his leg simply jumping over a thin rod. The two first are nearly well ; the latter will take time.

There have been a great number of accidents in the army ; one officer drowned at Scutari, one killed by a fall from his pony, Wallace of 7th, four or six men drowned while bathing at Varna, one artilleryman killed by his horse falling on him, one nearly killed by a kick, many hurt by kicks. This is not to be wondered at considering our camp swarms with horses. We have about eighty-five belonging to our regiment alone, all picketed in rows in rear of our tents.

My mare is not quite sound yet, still I can use her. Poor Bob has had influenza ever since he left Scutari, and coughs violently if I gallop him 10 yards. He has also cut his heel with the picket-rope. The flies are fearful in this country, they drive the English horses mad. Sultan Achmet has turned out invaluable ; nothing comes amiss to him, and he does anything. I never rode a more sure-footed animal

in my life, and he walks fast enough to keep all the other horses at a trot.

When we first came up here, the people of the country all ran away from us, and we could get nothing but our dry ration. By degrees we managed, by going to the villages about 6 miles off, to get a few eggs. Now the Bulgarians begin to come in with milk, eggs, a sort of curd, and leeks ; but other vegetables are very rare. We miss them more than anything. The Government supply of porter never came beyond Varna. We got a pint for three days, then it stopped altogether. For the first week after we arrived the commissariat had no supplies of any sort ; our men consequently never had any breakfast.

The system of paying here is very shameful. All the money is given to the captains in sovereigns. There is no change to be had, consequently the captain is obliged to give one sovereign amongst twenty men for the day. If they get it changed they lose twenty per cent ; that is, they only get 16s., so four men in each twenty get no pay at all. We now oblige our sutlers to give change at the rate of 20s. to

the sovereign (120 piastres), but then they oblige the soldier to take the change in kind—bad wine, ham at 3s. 6d. per pound, cheese at 2s. per pound, etc. The want of small change also creates many disputes and quarrels between our men and the poor peasants, who hardly know the use of money—a rare commodity in this part of the world.

I make rice puddings, and have made a cherry tart, the paste was rather black. The heat is intense, and at this moment my head is burning; the single tent is very little protection.

Campbell and I have made some little trips about the country in search of game, but have not been able to get any deer, they are very shy. We have found their tracks often, but they hear or smell us before we see them. We have found a few hares, and seen some eagles.

Three days ago, to the surprise of everybody, we heard that the Russians had suddenly raised the siege of Silistria, and retreated across the Danube, where to go no one seemed to know. Campbell and I at once

applied for leave to go to Silistria, Basardjik, and round by the Danube, to get intelligence and reconnoitre. General Airey was very anxious that we should go, and we were just going to start when Lord Raglan sent word to say we were not to go, which was a great disappointment to both of us. We know nothing of what is going on here. One day report says we shall have nothing to do and are going home ; the next sends us to the Crimea.

I have reduced my baggage to next to nothing. I have no sheets and only one blanket, a mattress about 1 inch thick, I have cut my pillow in half, and kept only four shirts, six pairs socks, four handkerchiefs, four towels, and a few etcs.,—such as string, tea, sugar, thread and needles, three books, a little paper, two or three candles, etc. Everything I have, kettles, bucket, mattress, all go into my two trunks, except the little iron bedstead, that lies on the top of the pack-saddle, and my tent goes across the top of all. My load is allowed to be the most complete and compact in the camp.

The Gallipoli in the *Illustrated News* was very like. Have you got the original yet?

It was to be sent to you. Our men have all got white covers to their caps, and go about without stocks and with their collars turned down. We have just had a little whirlwind through the camp, which has covered everything with sand and dust.

CAMP, DEVNA, *2nd July*.—At last we have moved. At three o'clock on the morning of the 30th ultimo our first bugle sounded to strike tents and pack. I had all my things ready, and a cup of chocolate made at four o'clock. All the pack-horses were ready, and at half-past four we marched our brigade by the lake road, followed by the Horse and Foot Artillery. The Second Brigade and Rifle Brigade marched by the upper road. About eight o'clock we got to our present ground, a dry ridge about half a mile above a muddy river. The heat is insufferable, and no water fit to drink within a mile and a half, not a blade of grass for our horses, nor a tree to be found within 3 or 4 miles. How long we are to remain here I don't know. We hear that we are to advance to Shumla on Wednesday. Our division is ready to move anywhere; but

the rest of the army is not yet complete in requisites for a march.

Many thanks for your brandy and tea intentions. They would have been very acceptable, particularly the latter, as I cannot carry more than three bottles of anything; though things are very dear here, I find I want extremely little money. My field-allowance will, I hope, keep me for the three months, which will put me on the right side of the book at Cox's, if I do not lose a horse.

TO HIS SISTER.

CAMP, DEVNA, 12th July 1854.

I have received your last letter from Upham—for which many thanks. I begin to think that I have some friends who will write to me. I have seen Haygarth of the Guards lately and told him I had heard from Upham. Pray tell Sam the first opportunity I have of going over to the Guards' camp I will inquire after John Taylor; but we have so much to do at present I have not been able to go there. The weather is very hot into the bargain. The thermometer

at this moment is up to 109° in my tent, hanging half-way down the pole!

We begin to find the life of inaction that we lead here very monotonous and tiresome, without books or any means of amusing ourselves in a rational manner, or any place to sit in where we can work. I shall forget all my astronomy. Why will they not let us do something, or go somewhere? It seems really absurd to be here with a fine army and doing nothing but drill every day as they did at Chobham. Of course you will hear of the affair at Ruschuk as soon as we do, and more correctly. It is, however, certain that our three officers have been killed — Burke and two others. We understand the Russians have since retired. We do not hear of any probability of our moving.

Yesterday we had some races and games, which went off very well without any accident. We have discovered a large tank near here full of clear water, in which we all bathe in the evening. It is very delightful. After their bath the subalterns often amuse themselves hunting the dogs that are about the place, each

of them riding his baggage-pony with a long stick as a lance.

I have very little to tell you this time. I have been a ride to Pravadi, which is a very interesting place. It is in a narrow pass, which it defends all across. The town has never been rebuilt since the Russians burned it in 1828, but the minarets of five mosques are still standing; they are now doing a little to the fortifications. There is a breastwork all across the front, the centre of which forms a dam for an artificial lake. The two sides run up the hills, terminating with a block house on one side and battery on the other. There are two or three small streets and a few shops still remaining.

Lady Errol was one of our party and created a great sensation amongst the Turks, who all turned out of their houses and crowded round her to look at her pistols, habit, etc. They were all very civil to her, and seemed to look at her as a great person, probably from the deference shown to her by the English Pashas. An old Armenian came and asked her to take some coffee at his house, which she did, sitting

on her horse in the middle of a large circle of Turks, Greeks, Bashibazouks, etc.

We rode home by a new road through the gorge and across a rich country all waving with corn, chiefly bearded wheat. We passed through a large village, one half of which was Turkish, the other half Bulgarian, which is a singular thing here; they generally are in separate villages entirely. There are no isolated houses in this country, all the people living in villages, and, as far as I can judge, I should say the country is not one-eighth peopled.

I think I told you that "Bulgar" signifies porridge, which is as much a national dish as it is in Scotland. At their supper the male portion of the family sit round on the ground—the father at the top of the mat, the eldest son next, and so on. They begin with bread, cake, and milk, the father always helping himself first, then the eldest son, and so on. Then a very large cask of water is brought in, which the old gentleman holds up with both hands, drinks from, and passes on. Lastly comes the porridge.

Lord Cardigan has returned from a fort-

night's trip with two squadrons reconnoitring. I hear he has lost seventeen horses, and a number more are *hors de combat*. If they had allowed Campbell and me to go on as we proposed, we would have gained more information in less time without any expense to Government. Cardigan's trip will cost a great deal of money. Every hour produces a fresh rumour, one as likely as another; they are usually called "camp shaves."

TO HIS MOTHER.

CAMP, MONASTIR, 28th July 1854.

Have you seen the lines in *Punch* on old Brown? They were written out here, and sung at a party given in a bower at Devna about three weeks ago. Our draft has arrived and my tea which is most acceptable—many thanks. Newland, my old friend in the Royals, came out in command; he stopped one day with me and I took him over to see Pravadi. He has taken my watch home; it is out of order—not much the matter with it, but it will be safer at home.

After I wrote to you my last letter, we remained at Devna, drilling under old Brown almost every day, without any occupation or change; the reports varying every day as to our future moves, the only thing certain was the dull monotony of the daily routine of the "Army of *no occupation*" on "passive service." At length this monotony was broken somewhat abruptly and extremely unpleasantly by the appearance of the cholera in our camp.

I was sitting one evening in Watt's tent smoking our usual evening's chibouk, talking of the climate and health of the men. Watt had just remarked how lucky we had been not having lost one man since we left England, when a sergeant came in and said a man had gone into the hospital tent, sick. Our assistant surgeon went up and returned shortly after, saying the man had got cholera. Before morning three men were dead; the following morning four more were buried. The General then consented to our moving our camp. We accordingly marched up here, a distance of about 5 miles, but we left many sick, several of whom died, in all sixteen in our regiment; the Rifles,

88th, 7th, 33rd, and 19th, all lost a large number.

We were first encamped, the First Brigade on one side and the Second Brigade on the other side of the pretty village of Monastir, but our camp was found too crowded, and half of it was on the high-road, so we got leave to shift to a large grove of walnut trees, where we are now located, with a beautiful view in front of us. I luckily got between two trees, a large walnut, under which I am now writing, and a pear tree ; the ground is very dusty, otherwise my house is perfect. The wind has just torn my paper. I have taken to wearing a fez and white turban, which is very comfortable.

We hear reports every day that we are going to do something in the Black Sea, and certainly great preparations are going on at Varna, and all the transports are collected for some purpose or other ; time will show. I have no news to tell you. I have no doubt you will see all sorts of exaggerated accounts of the cholera in our camp in the papers ; I hope it is leaving us, the men look weak, the food is very bad and insufficient. A lump of bad beef without any

fat, boiled in water, and a bit of sour bread are not sufficient to keep men in good condition. We can get no vegetables whatever, and the people in the village here will not sell anything. They are a horrid set of people to be amongst, and to fight for; they are more like enemies, especially the Turks! Everybody would gladly go over to the Russians, and help them against this wretched nation if it was only the policy of England.

TO HIS MOTHER.

CAMP, MONASTIR, *3rd August 1854.*

I have nothing fresh to tell you, but think you may, in these cholera times, like to hear that I am well. We still have a few cases and some bad ones, but not so many as at first. There was a very distressing case yesterday. Poor Levinge of the Horse Artillery had been ill, but the night before last he was so much recovered that he went out of his tent and sat at their little mess-table. Before going to bed he asked the surgeon to give him some of the composing draught he had previously been

taking, but afterwards said, "No, I am so much better I do not think I shall want it; at any rate I have some laudanum, how much should I take?" The surgeon told him twenty drops; as Levinge went away he asked a second time if it was twenty drops; the surgeon said, "Yes." Yesterday morning Willett, his second captain, went to his tent, and found him asleep. About an hour later his servant went in and found him still asleep and snoring in a singular manner; he went and called Willett, who sent for the surgeon, but nothing was to be done. In a very short time poor Levinge was dead; he never awoke. On examining his tent, they found the bottle that had contained the laudanum empty. It is supposed that during the night not feeling so well he had got up to take some medicine, and forgetting what had passed, mistook the laudanum for the draught he had been in the habit of drinking, and drank it all.

Since I wrote everybody has been very full of our going to Sebastopol. Sir George Brown has certainly been to look at it, and all the transports are being collected. Gabions and

fascines are being made at Varna by thousands. We are all practising digging trenches and field-works. Our Winchester work turns out of use to us here, and our men come out well. You will remember that during the two years we were quartered in Winchester, under the command of Colonel Torrens, all our men were practised in outpost duty over the downs, and were carefully instructed in throwing up field-works, and making gabions and fascines, and in field-cooking and encamping. Our officers and many of our non-commissioned officers were also instructed in field-sketching and making road reports. I daresay you will also remember the interest Lord Frederick Fitz-Clarence took in all our work, and the beautiful redoubt my company threw up in that ground below the barracks, near your house.

All leave of absence, even for three days, has been stopped ; all this looks like *something*. I need not tell you how anxious we all are for a change, anything to get away from this monotonous life. Yesterday Bunbury, Campbell, and I took a long ride over the lower spur of the Balkans to the valley of the Kamtchick.

For the first 4 miles we rode through a plain covered with corn, all open, no enclosures. We then crossed a small stream over a rough bridge, into a village situated on the side of a hill. The cottages are all miserable-looking hovels, made of mud, thatched with rushes, except two that were roofed with Italian tiles and were white-washed; each hut is in the middle of an enclosed garden.

From this village we ascended a low range of hills covered with a dwarf oak of very beautiful foliage and a few other dwarf trees. From the top of this ridge we looked down into a beautiful valley, surrounded by hills all wooded. As we dived into this valley we passed through another small village, and then found ourselves in a swampy plain, surrounded by magnificent trees, willow, ash, and a peculiar sort of poplar, in which we found the river Kamtchick, a muddy stream about 50 yards across. We went on till we came opposite to a village, but there was only a foot-bridge, and the ford was above 14 feet deep, so we turned back along the river till I met an old Turk loading his gun, with his son a lad of about

eighteen. I asked him about the country and if we could cross the river. The old gentleman was very civil, and as soon as he had finished loading he told us to follow him, which we did.

After going through swampy places for some way, we got to a place on the river where he told us to cross, but it looked very suspiciously deep, so the boy took off his trousers, or rather bags, and went in and walked over, not more than up to his middle, then we followed. He led us up to the road, we gave him sixpence, he salaamed, etc., and we went on down the valley to another village, Keupreukui, the village of the bridge. We stopped a short time to lunch off our lumps of brown bread and cheese, and to let the horses have a mouthful of grass and some water out of a well. I was riding old Bob and Campbell my mare. The road was full of deep muddy holes. As we approached the village we found quantities of apple and pear trees, covered with fruit, and several droves of pigs—rare things in this country.

A Bulgarian, a very intelligent young man, walked with us a long way. He said that the Turks had come down from the mountains, and

taken all their arms away from them, also some bread, their coats, and in many instances had taken away children and boys, keeping them till a ransom was paid. I know this to be true. All the Turks are armed up to the teeth, but you never see a Bulgarian with anything more than a small knife. The Bulgarians are far richer and more industrious than the Turks. The Government appear to wink at these robberies.

We returned over the same sort of country by another road, crossing the river in different branches by a ford, two broken bridges, and a swamp; this is the principal road across the Balkans.

The last week the weather has not been so hot. We had a tremendous night's rain five or six days ago, that nearly washed us all out of our tents. Since then the nights and mornings have been positively cold. There is generally a nice breeze. I still stick to my walnut tree from which my last letter was written.

TO HIS SISTER.

CAMP, MONASTIR, 13th August 1854.

Here we are still and likely to be for all I can hear. We were all cheered up by a report that the whole of the combined armies were to go and attack Sebastopol, but that has all been given up. The French are not fit to move—no more are we, and to complete the misfortunes of this ill-omened expedition, Varna has been burned to the ground, together with nearly all our commissariat and engineer stores, all the French stores, and the private supplies and shops, etc. I suppose we are quite done for, and will have to sneak into winter-quarters, the laughing-stock of all the world!

I am heartily sick of such blundering. A magnificent army is sent out here to be sacrificed and die of cholera and fever without striking a blow. We have lost one officer and thirty-six sergeants and men; other regiments of our division have not been more fortunate. I am happy to say the last three nights we have been better. We have

only had one death and eleven cases a day of diarrhœa, instead of forty and fifty. The fever is on the increase; this is always the case after cholera, but it does not appear to be of a bad description. The poor 5th Dragoon Guards lost eleven men in three days last week. I went to see them yesterday; they are better. Thank God, I am in very good health myself.

I have no news to tell you. We have been practising making field-works, but I fear it is all of no use; we never shall require any military knowledge—the greatest fool gets on best. I have been over to Pravadi several times; we are quite close to it now. The barracks, or rather holes in the ground, are full of Arnots from Silistria; they are very picturesque fellows, with white kilts and all sorts of guns, pistols, and swords.

Our camp is very much scattered now; we remain in our grove of walnut trees, but the other regiments are all over the country. It is supposed to be more healthy to separate the corps. Our sutlers have shut up their shops on hearing the news about the fire at Varna; they will, I have no doubt, reopen and charge

10s. a pound for ham, ditto for a bottle of beer, etc., when they find nothing is to be had in the country.

TO HIS MOTHER.

CAMP, MONASTIR, 18th August 1854.

The mail has just come in, and I have received your letters, one from Geneva, 20th July, and the other from Gervais, 27th July; many thanks for both of them. I have also thanked you for the tea and chocolate which, though I have not commenced either, are most acceptable. I am happy to say we are getting much more healthy. We have had no fatal case of cholera for four or five days; the disease seems to have left us. There is a good deal of fever, but not of a very serious nature.

The weather is still very hot by day, but the nights are sometimes quite cold. The breeze generally gets up about eleven o'clock, commencing with numerous little whirlwinds that send up singular columns of dust, some of them quite perpendicular and as clearly defined as a marble column, only of immense height. This morning several came through

our camp and carried the freshly-arrived English letters and papers up apparently to the white moon that is clearly visible at the present moment.

Pray tell Harriet (my mother's cook) my cuisine is getting on pretty well; not much change, certainly, but I get plenty of eggs and chicken. My breakfast generally consists of chicken spatchcocked and eggs one day, and eggs and spatchcock next. If I venture to remark that a change would be advisable, I get an omelet which is generally very good, though we cannot get parsley or any herbs to put in it. The dinners generally consist of the usual stews with a rice or bread pudding. Once a week we get a ration of salt pork, which is a pleasant change; I got a few peas and made pea-soup last Saturday.

The news and reports vary every day; one day every one is full of Sebastopol; the next nothing is heard of but winter-quarters and hopeless inaction. The great fire at Varna appeared to upset all projects, and it was declared to be impossible to attempt anything till fresh stores had come out. Yesterday

Sir George Brown came over from Varna (where he is staying) to inspect us. He looked at every regiment and declared them fit for anything, particularly ourselves and the 77th. The First Division have been moved back to Varna, also the heavy Cavalry; they are moreover shipping stores and gabions, etc., for siege operations right and left; so everybody is again certain we are going somewhere, and going to do something.

To-morrow may change the scene again. I certainly think things look more warlike than they have done. There is some doubt whether it is Anapa or Sebastopol we are going to attack.

General Torrens has appointed Bruce his Brigade-Major and young Torrens his A.D.C. The former was out riding on a newly purchased horse the evening before his intended departure from our division. His horse reared and fell back on him; he was taken up insensible, and some soldiers of the 77th brought him home on a stretcher. At first Watt thought he had injured his spine seriously; he is now considered out of danger and not permanently injured, though he cannot move or

even turn in his bed. Poor fellow, a hot tent with a little tottering bed is but a miserable sick-chamber for him. He keeps his spirits up wonderfully, though he suffers a great deal of pain. We shall have to carry him all the way with us on a stretcher when we move ; he could not stand the jolting of a bullock-waggon along the wild tracks that are called roads in this country.

Torrens has gone. Campbell was much pleased at your remembering him ; and desires to be kindly remembered to you.

Pravadi is now garrisoned by a regiment of Arnots from Silistria ; they are such picturesque fellows, and so dirty. Yesterday I was over there and had great fun bargaining with them for pistols. I bought a brace of very curious ones for 30s., and bought some more for other officers who were there. They all collected round me by dozens. It was very much like an auction, I being auctioneer ; they understood what sovereigns were perfectly. I tried to buy a man's dress complete, but as the poor fellow had nothing else to put on, there was some difficulty and much laughing.

There is no more news. I am still sitting under my walnut tree. The wind blows my paper about so much that I have some difficulty in writing, although I have a row of stones on my letter.

TO HIS MOTHER.

YOUKOACOBÄ, 27th August 1854.

We are all on the move at last—where to we do not know, but we suppose Sebastopol. Everybody is talking of it; we hear even how it is to be done—what force is going, etc.—but still the authorities consider it necessary to keep up a degree of mystery. A few are still of opinion that we are only moving down to winter-quarters; some say we are going to attack Anapa, and one or two offer to bet we are going to Portsmouth. At any rate we shall very soon know. Most of the Artillery are already embarked. All the stores, siege-train, etc., have embarked.

We marched from our old camp at Monastir yesterday morning at six o'clock. The men's knapsacks were carried for them on baggage-ponies, and we were ordered to

bring all our sick with us, not to leave a single soul. Our men, though they looked wretched with their hollow cheeks and pale faces, still marched well, and we only had four men fall out during the march, one of whom was a recruit. The sick ones were carried in arabas (rough, country bullock-waggons)—poor young Dyneley amongst the number, who was very ill with fever. He bore his journey remarkably well, and said, though he was much shaken, he thought the change had done him good. Bruce could not bear the least shaking, so he was carried all the way (about 9 miles) on a stretcher by relays of men; when he came in he said he was very tired, but none the worse. The commissariat could not procure arabas enough for the whole division, so we left the Second Brigade behind; they have to come to-day, and we remain quiet.

We have had a sacrament service this morning; there was a numerous attendance of officers and a few men. The altar was a table covered with cloth, out in the open air, and had a rough rail cut from the bush tied round it on forked stakes, and a tent lining

hang over it, pieces of turf being cut and placed round like a step to kneel on.

To-morrow we march at six o'clock, and go only 6 miles towards Varna to a village with a good fountain, called Karagoli. Tuesday we go on to Varna, and Wednesday or Thursday we embark.

Last week I made a nice trip with Watt and Bulwer and Vane. We started on Monday at one o'clock. I rode Bob, Styles rode my mare and led Sultan, who carried a tent and a bullock-trunk. The rest of the party rode their ponies. We went about 20 miles that afternoon, then camped a short distance from Jenibazaar. We picketed our horses, pitched our tent, cooked our dinner, and slept comfortably on some barley sheaves that we borrowed from the farmer whose field we camped in. Our horses also borrowed a little barley for their suppers.

The following morning we packed and rode on over a vast, undulating plain, about 10 miles, into Shumla. We were told there was a restaurateur there, and from a description given us we found him out. We had to enter his den by a square door or hole, then through a dirty,

narrow passage down three broken stone steps into a small yard, in which we found some tables under a tree, a small fountain, and a tolerably clean Greek, who spoke no language in particular but all in general; so with a word of Italian, two or three of Turkish, one of German, a very few of French, and a small sprinkling of English, we got on well enough. Having dragged our horses through the holes and down the steps, we tied them all round the yard, and got some breakfast—vermicelli soup, very good chicken fried in batter, something full of garlic, and some very nice rice-milk, washed down with some pretty good country wine, and topped up with the usual coffee and chibouk. We then rode up the heights round the town, saw the bazaar, mosque, etc.

The situation of the town is singular. At the end of a vast plain rises a wall of hills, being a spur of the Balkan range. In the centre of this wall is a ravine forming an amphitheatre in which stands Shumla. On all the hills round the back of it there are redoubts. Round the front towards the plain there are lines of old fortifications that are in ruins, but outside

of them there is a line of redoubts and outworks that are extremely strong. The town itself is large and picturesque, having great numbers of minarets. There are several large barracks, square white buildings, and a curious Bazaar. Various encampments of Bashibazouks and Arnots in dresses of every colour and description were round the place. I observed one man in a suit of chain armour, a Circassian I understood.

Having seen all we could see, we went back to our restaurant, had a second edition of our breakfast, which we called dinner, started back, and encamped at our old ground. Vane was very unwell all the evening, but on the following morning got better and rode back with us to Monastir.

Last night our faithful Tartar brought us out a mail—four large Russian leather saddle-bags full of letters and papers. I went up to help to sort them. We turned them out on the grass, and separated them in heaps for each regiment. I discovered one for me from Sam ; none from you, though I know there must be one on the road.

It is very difficult writing to-day ; the wind is high, and blows everything away. I can't keep my paper steady, and if I shut down the fly of my tent it is too hot. I am very well—moustache and beard are growing violently.

TO HIS MOTHER.

STEAMSHIP "VICTORIA," 1st September 1854.

Here we are on board ship again, amidst a mass of steamers, transports, rafts, line-of-battle ships, etc., English, French, and Turkish, extending as far as the eye can carry. Everything is excitement, movement, and work. Astern of us the *Himalaya* is embarking Cavalry. Regiment after regiment is embarking from our side of the bay, and I hear the French are as busy at their side. Guns, gabions, fascines are wandering about in barge-loads in every direction. Arrangements appear good, and very little confusion occurs, considering the immense numbers of men and horses to be embarked and the magnitude of the preparations. The greater part of the Fleet and most of the loaded ships are at Baltchik about

10 miles above Varna. Our destination is still kept secret, though I do not think there is the slightest doubt that it is Sebastopol. There are all sorts of reports about, as to the strength of the Russians, and our probable plans. Nothing can be depended on in the shape of news; time will show.

We have a very large four-masted ship, but three companies of the 7th Fusiliers are with us, which crowds us very much; still the luxury of sitting at a table on a firm seat once more, and having plenty to eat and drink, is by no means to be despised. Our captain has given us a boat that we man ourselves, and go out in at six o'clock every morning to bathe; the change altogether has done every one good.

I wrote to you a few days ago from our first halting-place. After leaving Monastir, the following day we marched on a short march about 5 miles, then halted for a night. The day after we came on to within 3 miles of Varna; then were ordered to halt and wait for orders, not to unpack anything, as in all probability we should be required to embark that evening. However, no order came, so we camped and got

our dinners, and at ten o'clock at night received orders to march to the wharf at seven the next morning, there to embark.

I had charge of the baggage of the brigade, consisting of about three hundred horses laden with baggage and blankets, and about twenty arabas. After a great kicking off of loads, breakdowns, and other small mishaps, I succeeded in bringing in our line and that of the 7th in beautiful order, close to the brigade, but the 33rd were far behind. Each regiment was taken out in a tug-steamer, and the horses—only one for each field-officer, one for the surgeon and adjutant—were embarked in rafts made of two paddle-box boats, with a platform across them. The rest of our horses are left behind with a temporary dépôt.

I got your letter dated 1st August yesterday. One of our officers saw it lying at the post-office and brought it to me. Many thanks for all your kind wishes. Pray congratulate Miss Lynes on her discovery; the planet ought to be called Augustina. I ate my breakfast two days ago by the light of Venus. Our tents are always struck at about

four or half-past four in the morning, and all our baggage packed ; so we sit on our trunks and drink our cocoa or coffee all ready dressed, and it all goes on very smooth when you are used to it. Bob, of course, has the honour of accompanying me.

Now, my dearest mother, I have nothing more to say. I will write as soon as I can, but possibly that may not be for some time, even if I get safe through the affair ; for we are to disembark without tents, baggage, or anything but our swords, and we must expect hard and rough work for some time. Our division is to lead the way, and I think the old Royal Welch will acquit themselves as they have done heretofore.

VARNA, *4th September*.—We are still in Varna Bay ; we expect to move to Baltchik to-morrow. Our principal amusement here has been rowing about the Fleet. All our men, who could swim, have been allowed to bathe at a certain hour from the ship. Whilst they were in the water, Campbell and I paddled round them in a boat for fear of accidents. One day after all the men had gone up into the

ship, we were sitting in the boat, when there was a cry that a man had jumped into the water and gone down. We pulled in at once to the gangway, but there was not a sign of anything. We waited ready, expecting him to rise, but nothing was ever seen of him again. The roll was called and a man found missing—his clothes were also found.

I regret to say our good Brigadier Airey has been appointed Quartermaster-General of the army, and a guardsman, Colonel Codrington, is coming to take command. No more news. I have sent a panorama of the Fleets here to Ralph Price—the post is just off; adieu.

TO HIS SISTER.

“VICTORIA” STEAMER, 8th September 1854.

Here we are within 80 miles of Sebastopol, steaming away with two transports in tow. Our fleet is in a line on our left; we are the first line of transports next to them. The *Emperor* with two ships in tow leads our line, we follow, then the *Andes*, next the *Megara*, and last the *Fury*, each with two ships in tow. On our

ORDER OF ANCHORING

B e a c h

 SHOUNE 50 71 FURY	 VARNA	 CIRCASSIA 21 44 NEGARA	 DANUBE 10 7 ANDER	 BRENDA 89 99 VICTORIA	 MINNA 7th. & 23 RIVE	 PARRY 39 60 EMPEROR
 47 23 EMU	 10 14 KANGAROO	 82 81 VULCAN	 83 32 HYDASPES	 31 81 MELBOURNE	 90 71 CITY OF LONDON	 53 37 ORINOCO
 APOLLO HIGHFLYER Ammunition Stores	 0 23 MEDWAY	 20 81 GOLDEN FLEECE	 93 55 OOTINGHAM, TYNEMOUTH	 58 48 COLONSO	 53 37 ORINOCO	 53 37 ORINOCO
 49 64 SYDNEY Siege Trains	 25 34 TRENT Engineer Stores	 45 8 AUSTRALIAN Magazines	 85 81 HIMALAYA	 46 1 SIMLA	 3rd. Division...	 4th. Division...
 49 64 SYDNEY Siege Trains	 25 34 TRENT Engineer Stores	 45 8 AUSTRALIAN Magazines	 85 81 HIMALAYA	 46 1 SIMLA	 3rd. Division...	 4th. Division...
 49 64 SYDNEY Siege Trains	 25 34 TRENT Engineer Stores	 45 8 AUSTRALIAN Magazines	 85 81 HIMALAYA	 46 1 SIMLA	 3rd. Division...	 4th. Division...
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 49 64 SYDNEY Siege Trains	 25 34 TRENT Engineer Stores	 45 8 AUSTRALIAN Magazines	 85 81 HIMALAYA	 46 1 SIMLA	 3rd. Division...	 4th. Division...

Infantry marked.....a.
Cavalry ".....b.
Artillery ".....c.
Reserve Ammunition d.

Steam Tugs
Transports
Cavalry.....
Cavalry.....
Cavalry.....

right is the First Division in a line of five steamers, and eight ships in tow ; on their right the Second Division, then the Third, then the Fourth, next the Cavalry and magazines ; on their right the siege-trains ; and on the right of all, the commissariat. Beyond them, just above the horizon, we see the nearest of the French transports ; they are all in wretched little brigs and schooners. The Turks started the day before us ; I don't know where they are.

Our start was the most magnificent thing ever witnessed. Our splendid fleet of merchant transports is certainly the most striking feature of this war. We had a beautiful day yesterday, and a fair wind. This morning the wind is ahead, but the weather is beautiful. We are all getting ready for our disembarkation, which we suppose will take place to-morrow ; but we are all quite in the dark as to the intended operations. Of course I will write as soon as I can, if I get through the business all right, but posts may be irregular. If we manage our work as easily as they have done at Bömarsund in the Baltic, we shall be lucky. I feel pretty confident of success.

11th September.—We are now within 40 miles of Sebastopol. All yesterday we were at anchor in the narrow part of the Black Sea off Cape Tarkhan, between the mouth of the Danube and the western part of the Crimea, waiting for Lord Raglan, who went in the *Carradoch*, accompanied by the *Agamemnon*, to reconnoitre the place of disembarkation. We have had splendid weather, as smooth as a mill-pond, but a great deal of cholera about. The 88th have lost thirteen men, and the 33rd have lost more since we sailed. We have lost some men, and poor Sutton is very ill. Yesterday he was not expected to live many hours, but he has rallied, and there are now some slight hopes of his recovery.

The men are all in great spirits now at the idea of having something to do. To-morrow morning we expect to be at work early. I do not think we shall meet with much opposition in landing, but the attack on the entrenched camp will be heavy work, no one knowing what numbers they have against us; but we shall thrash them somehow, that's certain. Good-bye again.

TO HIS MOTHER.

BIVOUAC, NEAR LAKE TOUGLAR OR KAMISHLI,
16th September 1854.

Here we are safe landed in the Crimea. I wrote to you just before we left Varna, and again from the *Victoria* steamer transport. After I wrote we were still another day on board, having anchored off Eupatoria on the 13th. We arrived off our landing-place by daylight the day before yesterday at about seven o'clock. Boats from Admiral Dundas's flagship, *The Britannia*, came alongside our ship, and I was ordered to get our men into them as quick as I could. I did so, and went off with about sixty men in two men-of-war boats, one towing the other.

When we started no other boat was moving from the Fleet. After we had got about half-way towards land we saw a gig shoot out from our headquarter ship, the *Emperor*. The naval officer in charge of our boats, Lieutenant Vesey, shouted to his men to "Give way," and they did so with a will. The soldiers sitting on the thwarts between them also gave

their weight to the oars. Our heavy boats boiled through the water, the gig flew after us, it was a close race. At length we shot up on to the beach, and the big barge which we were towing, crashed up alongside of us. I jumped along the thwarts and was the first soldier to land, my men followed me. Sir George Brown was a minute or two after me, then the men from the barge and Drewe. No one opposed us, so we formed up. The rest of our men and the 7th came next.

Old Brown sent me up to a ridge or bank a little to our right, ordering me to extend and cover the disembarkation on that side; a large lagoon was in our front, Lake Touglar or Kamishli. We found a few Cossacks prowling about, but they did not come within shot. Soon after this General Airey came up, and seeing a line of arabas going away in the distance, asked me to try to take them, so off I went, and had a good trudge after them. We saw the Cossacks urging them on, and taking the slowest bullocks out to drive them away, so I ordered two or three men to fall out and take a shot at them, and very good shots they were

for so long a distance ; if they did not hit they were very close, for my friends the Cossacks galloped away at a tremendous pace, and all the arabas stopped. I then went up and took them. They were full of timber, except one which was full of very good fruit—pears, melons, plums, etc. The drivers were very much frightened ; they came up and kissed my hands. One poor fellow had got hit in the toe by a stray bullet ; however, I got our surgeon to dress it for him ; he was not much hurt, I think, and was well taken care of.

General Brown was much pleased, and so was General Airey, to get the arabas, fifteen in number ; they proved a great assistance in getting up the stores. By night we had all our Infantry on shore and some Artillery. We went out and took possession of two villages, and put the Rifle Brigade into them ; then took up a position so as to cover the place of disembarkation, and lay down to sleep. There was no wood or anything but a sort of thistle that would burn ; we were all wet, there having been a little drizzly rain all the afternoon. During the night it rained very hard ; how-

ever, next day was fine, and we all got dry and as merry as ever.

In the middle of our first night on shore an alarm came down from the French bivouac on our right. All the regiments sprang up to arms, the bugles sounded and there was a tremendous noise, increased by an unfortunate man of the Royal Fusiliers, lately come out of hospital, who went violently mad and ran down the lines screaming in the most dreadful manner.

Campbell and I were sleeping in my little grass-cloth tent that I carried on my saddle-bows; it just held us. We had taken off our boots, and in our scramble to get out, he got hold of mine and I of his. However, this was soon set right, and I ran up to my Colonel (Chester). He asked me what I thought he had better do; I said, "Stand fast, and do nothing." The regiment was under arms in quarter-distance column; I pointed out to him that our outposts had not come in from the front, so there could be no danger. He asked me to ride out and see what they were about. I did so, and found everything there perfectly quiet. The first thing the captain on

outpost duty said to me was, "What are you fellows in rear making such an infernal row about?" I went back and told my Colonel all was quite quiet in front, so we went to sleep again.

I have got old Bob with me. Poor fellow, he is not well this morning; he got cramped, and when we fell in before daylight, which we do every morning now, he tumbled back with me and rolled over. I mounted him again, and after he had been trotted about a short time he got better. We have nothing except what we carry on our backs or horses now. I have my piece of salt pork for three days and biscuit in a haversack, just the same as the men, and a wooden water canteen—water is extremely scarce here.

The nights are very cold and damp, but the days are still hot. Campbell sends his best remembrances. Yesterday he was very unwell, but to-day he is better.

Sutton died on board yesterday. Poor fellow, his end was very sad. Hall Dare, our paymaster, who was left on board, was standing on deck watching the troops dis-

embarking, when he heard something behind him. He looked round, and there was poor Sutton gesticulating violently, with a blanket over his shoulders. He staggered back, and died. His attendant had left him in his berth, thinking he was dead ; it was the last flicker of a brave life. He would have been a splendid soldier on service. We were obliged to leave old Bunbury on board, he was not strong enough to come with us.

We expect to move on to-day or to-morrow, and are, I hear, to have our tents with us. The French have been sacking the country all round in the most shameful manner. We are trying to protect it, as the people seemed inclined to be very friendly, and to bring in supplies if well treated.

Best love to Cat. Her Mont Blanc letter was found knocking about on the deck of one of the ships, and picked up by a friend of mine, and given to me the day before yesterday.

TO HIS SISTER.

CAMP, NEAR LAKE TOUGLAR,
18th September 1854.

I wrote two days ago, but as there is another mail I will write again. We were three nights without tents, and it was very wet and cold. I was, however, lucky enough to get my small saddle-tent, under which Campbell and I crept and slept comfortably. I am extremely well, I am thankful to say ; in fact, we are all well that came ashore. Old Bunbury has gone back to Scutari. We have had no cholera here, and I hope we have done with it. We got tents last night, but I fear shall not be able to take them on. It is possible we shall advance to-morrow. Our guns and Cavalry are all on shore.

Ned Wetherall went out with twenty Dragoons yesterday to a distant village, and brought away all the arabas that were in it, in the very face of the Cossacks, who were drawn up just above, looking on, but dared not attack him. The inhabitants appear very willing to serve us.

I was offered yesterday, and have accepted, the temporary appointment of Assistant Adjutant-General to the Second Division, Colonel Wilbraham being ill. It may probably become a permanent one. It is the head of the Divisional Staff, which is a very good thing, and will give me additional horse-allowance. There is some difficulty about my taking it, there being no other field-officer present with the regiment. However, I think it will be all right ; at any rate it is a compliment, and will give me a great claim if I am not allowed to take it—General Airey named me.

We have got fresh meat to-day, rather lean, and we have nothing to cook it in, but it will be very nice grilled.

TO HIS MOTHER.

(Copied from pencil.)

ALMA, 21st September 1854.

I wrote to you from our bivouac at Lake Touglar. The day before yesterday we advanced about 8 miles to a small river, "The Boulganac," and bivouacked again. Just

before we took up our ground, about 3000 Russian Cavalry with some guns attacked our advance guard; they were soon driven off. Our brigade went to the front to support the Cavalry. We lost three horses, and one man wounded.

Yesterday, 20th September, we advanced again. In the morning I was ordered to go to the Second Division as Assistant Adjutant-General. We soon saw the Russians in a very strong position in front of us. As we advanced, just opposite the centre of our division, we found a village which burst into flames as we approached it. We were in the front line of our army, on the left of the French, with the Light Division on our left. Soon a terrific cannonading commenced. Our men were ordered to lie down, with a perfect tempest of shot and shell, fired with great precision, flying about them.

We then advanced again, and worked round the burning village across the valley, and through the river in face of a tremendous fire of all sorts. The poor 23rd Royal Welch Fusiliers had to march straight up to a heavy

battery, which they reached, but with the loss of eight officers killed and a great number of men. At that time the second line was some way behind, and before they came up the Russian Reserves came to the front and drove the Light Division back. Ultimately the Guards and Highlanders came to their support, and the Russians were driven from their position over the heights—one of the strongest positions ever attacked.

Our loss in killed and wounded will, I fear, be very great. It has chiefly fallen on the First Brigade Light Division. We halt to-day and advance again, I suppose, to-morrow. Our officers killed in the Royal Welch are Colonel Chester, Captains Wynn, Evans, Conolly, and Lieutenants Radcliffe, Anstruther, Butler, and I believe Young, but I am not certain.

I take command of the regiment to-day, and pray God that I may take them through. We have only five officers left untouched. Poor Campbell is badly wounded. Bell brought the regiment out of action.

TO HIS MOTHER.

BIVOUAC AT BALAKLAVA, *27th September 1854.*

I wrote to you a few lines after the battle of the Alma River—very hurried. I will now recapitulate our proceedings.

On the 19th we left our first bivouac near Lake Touglar and marched on, a magnificent column of Infantry and Artillery, to a small stream, the Boulganac, about 8 miles. Moving a large army is very slow work. We had several miles to go before we got into position to start. We marched through the stream and halted to get water.

Our men had hardly broken off when we heard guns in front. Old Brown got our brigade under arms again, and on we went up a little hill, from the top of which we saw about 3000 Russian Cavalry with some Light Artillery. Our Cavalry were in advance, but were too weak to attack them. Our Horse Artillery soon came up and silenced the enemy's guns. Then came up our Field-Battery and blazed away into the Cavalry, who scattered about the country and drew out of shot. We



BALAKLAVA

then bivouacked, and the rest of the army came up. Our friends the Russians bivouacked on the hill opposite to us. It was dark before we had finally taken up our positions.

Next morning we were under arms an hour before daylight. After it was light we got breakfast, then formed ready for the advance. We could see the Russian army on a ridge of hills about 5 miles on. Our Light Division was on the left, supported by the First Division; the Second Division next, supported by the Third Division; the Fourth Division in rear of the left in reserve with the Cavalry to prevent our left being attacked. The French continued the line to the right of our army down to the sea. The Turks no one knows anything of.

After marching a short time we came to a smooth plain sloping gradually down to a little valley, in which was a river with houses and vineyards on either side of its banks. On the opposite side of this was a high ridge of hills on which the Russians were forming in great force. We could make out with our glasses several very strong batteries.

While we were halted amongst some corn-sheaves, I received a message from General Airey, saying that Lord Raglan wished me to go over to the Second Division as Assistant Adjutant-General, Colonel Wilbraham being away sick. So I rode across and introduced myself to Sir de Lacy Evans, the General in command, and found Colonel Percy Herbert, Captain Gubbins, and my old friend Allix of the Royals on his staff.

During our advance, Sir de Lacy seemed very anxious about our connection with the French, and frequently sent me to superintend the advance of our right. On several of these occasions I passed Lord Raglan and his staff. The first time General Airey called me to him, and pointed out that Sir George Brown had not room to deploy, and asked me when I went back to go on to him and suggest that he might correct his distance during the next halt. Later, he told me to take the order for the Second and Light Divisions to deploy, and afterwards I carried Lord Raglan's final order for the army to advance.

In front of our division was a large village,

st. Period.

English ☐
French ☐
Russians ☐



Burliouk. Over the left of the village in front of the Light Division, about half-way down a spur of the main height on the opposite side of the river, we could see a row of bright guns in a semicircular redoubt, and there were heavy columns of Russians on either side of it. This was evidently the key of the position, and in front of our Left Brigade, on two little spurs, there were batteries of Field-Artillery—apparently more than two.

As we advanced, a few shots from the redoubt came bowling along the plain near the Light Division, and this was the signal for the front line to deploy. I had known nothing of the Second Division before that day, and consequently found difficulty in recognising the regiments. I got a list of them hurriedly from Allix. Major-General Pennefather commanded the Left Brigade, consisting of the 30th, 55th, and the 95th; Brigadier Adams the Right, consisting of the 41st, 47th, and 49th.

When the Second Division had deployed, the 95th Regiment was found to have overlapped the 7th Fusiliers of the Light Division by nearly a wing; the left wing was therefore

doubled behind the right. After the line was formed, the men were ordered to lie down, and while waiting on the ground, they were much amused and excited by the coursing of a beautiful greyhound, which kept chasing hares about the plain in front of them. A little dog belonging to Captain Forman, Rifle Brigade, created much amusement by the angry way in which he chased and barked at the round shot as they bowled past him along the turf. Later, when the troops began to move, the hares became bewildered, and many of them ran into the ranks and were captured and carried away, some by poor fellows who never lived to enjoy their supper.

At length the order was given to advance ; and I shall not easily forget the excitement I felt as I galloped back to communicate it to my General and his brigadiers, and to pass it on to Sir George Brown. As we moved on, the shot and shell poured thickly amongst us. First I saw two men knocked out of the ranks by a round shot ; then two muskets carried away, neither of the men carrying them being touched.

I remember seeing distinctly a round shot coming straight towards our staff; it struck the ground and turned off. A little later a shell whistled among us and burst in the middle of our group, but touched no one. Some one then remarked, "Don't crowd so close round the General; you bring all the fire on him." A short time after I heard some one else say, "You are leaving the General all alone; will no one ride with him?" Our Artillery passed through the line and came into action.

As we approached the village of Burliouk it burst into flames, and arrested the further progress of our line. The 95th Regiment and a part of the 55th passed clear on the left. The remainder of the 55th and the 30th were obliged to advance from their left, pass round the village, and then re-form line to their left. The 47th Regiment and some companies of the 49th, I believe, also passed round the left of the village. The remainder of Adams's brigade went round the right towards the ford.

While this movement was going on, the 95th and 55th and other corps, as they formed, lay down behind a low wall that ran along in front

of the village. Fitzmayer's battery was in action on the left of the village, with two guns at the end of a street or road hidden by the smoke of the conflagration. Turner's battery passed round the right of the village.

At this period of the battle, Sir de Lacy Evans took up his position on a little hillock, just clear of the smoke of the village opposite to the Russian Field-Batteries, which we could now see commanded the road and the bridge over the Alma that was immediately in front of us, and a fearfully hot corner it was! Shot, shell, and bullets came whistling past us in every direction, and the din of our own artillery and musketry close to us, made it difficult to hear, or make oneself heard.

Sir de Lacy gave the order to advance. As soon as the men appeared over the wall, a tremendous storm of bullets from the Russian battalions on the opposite bank of the river burst upon them, and they fell fast. Still onward went the line, though it became irregular—the 30th and 55th Regiments unbroken, but the 95th divided in consequence of their not having had room to deploy. The ground over which

the 55th had to move was bare, and it had but little cover to protect it. The 30th had to move over ground that was more enclosed, and the direction in which they advanced led them to a part of the river where the banks were higher and more precipitous than they were near the bridge. Part of the 95th were pressed towards the Light Division; the remainder were in rear of the 55th at this time.

Adams's brigade was divided and much scattered. Sir de Lacy asked me to go and endeavour to get it together. A short time before I had seen Colonel Herbert working hard to get the troops round the village, but now I missed him. I heard later that he had been wounded.

My task was not an easy one, for the ground in that part of the field was enclosed, and the river appeared to wind, with high banks overhung in places by trees. At starting, I had to pass in front of Fitzmayer's two guns, which at the moment appeared to me a far more hazardous undertaking than advancing towards the enemy. However, I got safe past them, and rode on to the right through

the smoke from the village, till I came out on a ford across the river.

There I found the leading gun of Turner's battery trying to cross, but the horses would not face the water. I turned my old horse Bob at it, when to my surprise and annoyance he too refused. A cry of disapprobation burst from the drivers; I turned my horse at it again, put spurs to him, and in he went. I then rode down the stream in front of the battery horses, and they followed me.

I went on round a bend of the river to the left, passing on my way a single French soldier, sitting on a bank eating his dinner. I asked him what he was doing hanging back there? He replied, "*Ma foi, je suis blessé*"; he seemed somewhat puzzled to say *where*! As I went on round the river I found I was ahead of our people, and a little farther on I saw the Russians still holding the left bank of the river; moreover, several bullets whistled past me, apparently from our own line, so I pulled up. I then attempted to recross the river in search of our men, but the banks were too steep and the river too deep. On returning up the bank my old

horse started and fell, as I thought killed. I jumped up and examined him; when to my great joy I found him apparently not much hurt. He got up, shook himself, and seemed all right again.

A few minutes after I saw some of our men wading down the river looking for a place to get up the bank. They came on to the place where I had attempted to cross, and then came up. I sent them behind the spur of the hill close at hand. The men of Adams's brigade then came straggling on in numbers, but mixed together without any order. I got out markers for the three battalions, and, after some little delay, I got a good representation of the whole brigade in line of quarter-distance columns.

I had seen no brigadier up to this time, nor any officer who appeared senior to myself. I had therefore conceived the idea of taking the brigade out, and deploying them with their right thrown forwards at an angle of forty-five, and moving them across in support of Pennefather's brigade. Before, however, I got men enough, I saw Brigadier Adams riding up, and an order came from Lord Raglan that the

brigade was to go up to him, where he had posted himself on the hill above, with two of Turner's guns that had crossed the river with me. So my ambitious scheme came to an untimely end.

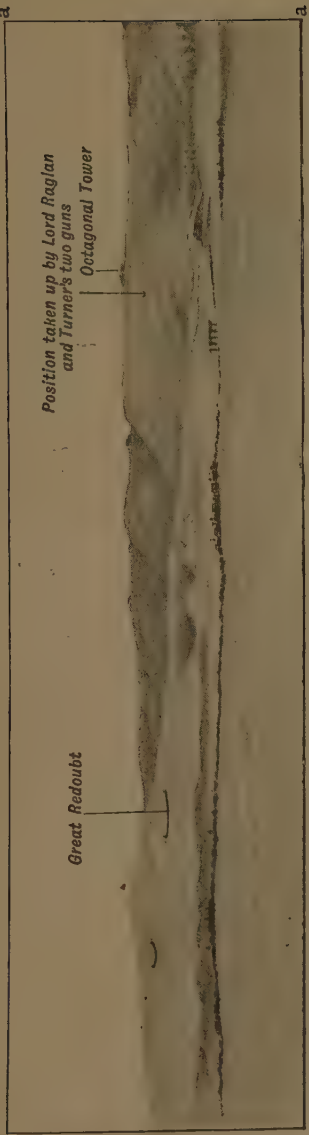
During this time I had heard bullets whist-

Plan showing 2nd. Period of the Battle.

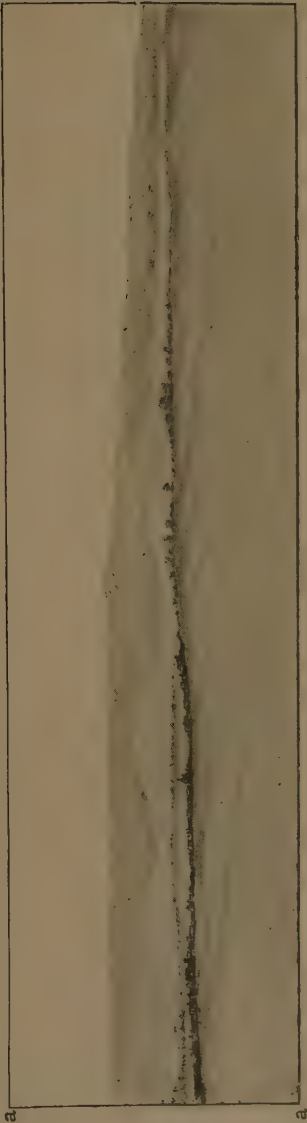


Walker & Bontall sc.

ling past me from our side of the field, which I could not understand. Just after the brigade was formed—as I hoped under fair cover—I saw a man struck through the skull by a bullet from the direction of the river we had crossed. The mystery was soon discovered. There were numbers of Russian riflemen still left in the trees along the bank of the river, and, though



The



Village of Burlionk

they could have had no hope of escaping, they were perseveringly picking off our men as they passed. One was close over the place where I had attempted to cross the river, and must have had a pot-shot at me from a few yards off. Our men soon put an end to their mischief. Some of them were found next day, hanging like crows, dead in the forks of the branches.

I went up the hill with the brigade, which moved up the hollow behind the main spur as far as Lord Raglan and his staff, and as soon as I saw nothing was to be done there, I went across the field to tell my General what had become of his right brigade.

As I rode down the hill I had a splendid view of the whole field. I first saw the Light Division had gained the redoubt, and that Pennefather's brigade had crossed the river. I then saw heavy columns of Russians advance from the rear of the redoubt. The Light Division men then gave way and slowly receded—a scattered crowd without any regular formation—about half-way down the glacis. Still they held their ground, reluctant to fall back.

At length the second line appeared over the

bank near the river. They advanced, a splendid line, for a short distance, and then I saw the centre suddenly fall back. The brigade appeared to me like three sides of a hollow square. A feeling of depression came over me. I felt the tide of fortune was setting against us. I hurried on; but before I lost sight of the far side of the field, as I dipped into the hollow, I saw the line of Guards once more formed, and then they advanced in style—to halt no more! Pennefather's brigade also advanced, and the tide now appeared to set fairly in our favour. We reached the crest of the lower ridge or spur, and then found the enemy were in full retreat in all parts of the field. The Battle of the Alma was won!

At the end of the action Pennefather's brigade was formed in a line of contiguous quarter-distance columns. A part of the 95th was, I think, between the 55th and 30th, and the rest of the regiment had got away amongst the Light Division regiments who stormed the great redoubt.

Shortly after the retreat of the enemy Lord Raglan and his staff went across to the hill

above the great redoubt. My General joined him, and I accompanied them. On my way I passed the Light Division, and went up to inquire after my own corps. I found they had suffered fearfully; eight officers had been killed, and the small column that lay on the ground told a sad tale of the number of our fine fellows who were missing. Captain Bell was in command.

As we gained the height we saw the splendid regiments of the Highland Brigade coming up in perfect lines almost untouched; and in the deep valley between us and the main ridge was a column of Russians, apparently lost. There was a great commotion to bring artillery to bear on them, and to surround them; but eventually they got away from under our noses.

Pennefather's brigade was ordered to advance across the valley and up the main ridge. I followed them, and going up the steep hill found a soldier lying on the ground. I asked him if he was wounded. He said, "No, sir; cholera." I dismounted and took out my flask, which had a little brandy in it, and offered it to

him, but he refused, saying, "Thank you, sir, it would be wasting it ; I am dying."

Next morning, passing by the same spot, I found the dead body of the brave fellow, who, though dying, had fought loyally for his Queen and country, had escaped the missiles of the enemy, and then had fallen by the hand of the Almighty.

The field of battle was an awful thing ; the smell of carnage dreadful. It was late at night before we got into our bivouac, and all lay down quite done up, and thanked God we were alive. It was, I believe, one of the most brilliant actions ever fought. We hear the Russians had 50,000 men and 100 guns.

When I arrived at headquarters the day after the battle with the list of killed and wounded, I found the Staff in a state of great excitement. I was told that a French officer with an artilleryman and two horses had come over and had attempted to kidnap Bell's gun, which had been left near the river, and that one of our officers had been just in time to save it. I saw the man with the horses going away. I

was told Lord Raglan had used very strong language on the occasion—the only time he was ever known to do so.

23RD ROYAL WELCH FUSILIERS.

LIST OF OFFICERS KILLED AND WOUNDED AT THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA.

Killed—Lieutenant-Colonel H. G. Chester, Capt. A. W. W. Wynn, Capt. F. C. Evans, Capt. J. C. Conolly, Lieut. F. P. Delme Radcliffe, Lieut. Sir W. N. Young, Bart., Second-Lieuts. H. Anstruther and J. H. Butler.

Wounded—Capt. W. P. Campbell, Capt. C. E. Hopton, Lieut. B. Bathurst, Lieut. F. Sayer, Lieut. and Adjutant A. Applewaite (died that night).

Return of killed and wounded at the Battle of the Alma on the 20th September 1854:—

	Field-Officers.	Captains.	Lieutenants.	Second-Lieuts.	Staff.	Staff-Sergeants.	Sergeants.	Drummers.	Corporals.	Privates.
Killed . .	1	3	2	2	...	1	2	1	...	40
Wounded . .	...	2	2	...	1	...	10	4	12	128
Total . .	1	5	4	2	1	1	12	5	12	168

We halted two days to bury the dead, and collect the wounded and send them on board. The Russians were collected at the same time with our men. Our officers, seven in number,

were all buried in a trench with the 7th's officers; the other two were buried elsewhere. Campbell is badly wounded, but doing well. Bathurst will, I hope, save his arm. Sayer is, I believe, doing well; he was wounded in his ankle, by a grape-shot.

On the 23rd we marched on again—a very harassing march—to the Katchka river, and found it abandoned. The valley is very pretty, full of vineyards and houses.

24th.—We advanced to the Belbec River, a splendid position, which the Russians had not pluck to hold. We occupied the heights within view of Sebastopol. On the following morning we heard we were to march at eight o'clock, and perform some extraordinary manœuvre.

For several miles we marched through thick bush, a sort of brushwood; it was with the utmost difficulty we could keep our regiment together, and in any sort of relative position with the rest of the brigade.

Some very heavy firing went on to the right during the day, I suppose from the Fleet. About midday we heard some guns in our front, and soon came out on a small clearance with a

large farmhouse on it. Here all our Artillery and Cavalry were assembled, with one battalion of the Rifle Brigade. They had surprised the rear-guard of a large division that was retiring, they say, with Prince Menchikoff. We took about seventy waggons of baggage, containing provisions, champagne, gold-lace coats, etc., and a great quantity of ammunition, also a quantity of carriages—I saw one man with a very pretty white satin shoe. From this spot we turned down a road to the right, and descended into a beautiful large valley. I then understood that we were completely turning Sebastopol. It was dark before we bivouacked, every one quite done up.

At one hour before daylight next morning, as usual, we were under arms; and at eight we marched. About eleven o'clock we came down to a very pretty village and a deep gully through a barrier of hills opening to the sea. Our Rifles went on, and were soon engaged. Our division was next ordered to advance—one brigade up the hills on each side of the gully, the guns down the road. We found some Russians in an old ruin very strongly

situated, but got guns to work, which soon silenced them. We climbed up the hills over the place on our side and fired down from the heights ; the other brigade pounded away from the other. The Fleet came round at the same moment, and Balaklava was ours.

It is one of the most beautiful little harbours I have ever seen, scarcely two ships' breadths at the entrance, with magnificent high cliffs all along on each side, higher than any I know about the English coast. The ruined castle is on a hill at the entrance of the creek, the water deep blue. This little narrow inlet is now crowded with our largest steamers.

Before night we came down from our hills, bringing about 200 sheep with us, some eighty prisoners, two guns, and four mortars. We bivouacked on the side of the village, close to a vineyard of such magnificent grapes, and had abundance of cabbages, fowls, honey, apples, nuts, everything, in fact, we could want—such luxury after our half-starvation.

This morning we have got our first rest. We turned out as usual before daylight, and had a slight alarm (a common occurrence), but

the rest of the army have gone in front for the first time. Our poor men were quite knocked up. We have had all the work.

28th.—Our siege-train is nearly landed. It is very cold ; but I believe we are to have tents to-day. I am very well.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, 3rd October.

I wrote the day after the capture of Bala-klava. We were then lying down in quarter-distance column, under orders to jump up and move at a moment's notice, so we remained all that day, and all night. Next day we were still kept on the alert, and the third day we were told to go out and wash, and make ourselves comfortable. I sent one wing to wash their things ; they were hardly out, before we were ordered to march at once to the front. We sent to collect our men and moved up to the front line of the investment, and were still taking up our position after dark.

The following day we remained where we were ; but had pickets out and some firing. The next day we were still in the same place in line ; men sleeping by their firelocks, with

all their accoutrements on, ready to turn out. That evening just as I was beginning my dinner (a capital stew), we were ordered to fall in and march at once. Everything was thrown away, and things packed. We stood under arms for nearly an hour, then were told to lie down where we were till daylight next morning. Then we did march along the line of investment about 5 miles, and took up a position to the extreme right to protect that flank of the army.

Yesterday we were moved again, farther to the right, where we shall, I hope, remain. The Russians keep firing shot and shell at our pickets, but have done no harm as yet, beyond knocking off one man's greatcoat, and another man's pouch — firing is going on at present.

I hear we begin operations to-night. Our siege-train is landed. The Russians have thrown up a great number of batteries and earthworks, but I do not think they will be found very formidable. The prestige gained at Alma has saved us from any attack or annoyance as yet. The accounts now say there were

75,000 Russians at Alma; I do not believe there were more than 45,000 or 50,000 at most.

Our bivouac fire is very sad now, we have only one captain and seven subalterns of our own left; all our merry old companions are gone. Bell works away very hard, and lives with me in my little tent. This morning we have got a rough board and made a table of it—very luxurious. The sun is hot still; but the nights cold, and the dew falls very heavy. We are only 470 strong now, out of 1000. Granville is ill; but all the rest of our fellows are very well, in spite of everything. The 88th Regiment lent me two officers to get on with; the work is very hard.

Please God we get safe through this business, a little rest and good food will come very welcome. Not a thing can be got now—our salt and pepper is all gone. Our ration of biscuit, pork, and mutton, however, is very acceptable, and the drop of rum is worth all the champagne ever made; we get a little tea and sugar served out to us sometimes.

TO HIS MOTHER.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,
12th October 1854.

We are still in the same place that we were in when I last wrote. We have now got tents, and not before we wanted them, for a few days ago we had three piercing cold days. We have also got a few comforts from the ships, such as sugar, a ham, some salt and pepper—which we were in sad want of—also a bit of soap.

Bell still lives in the tent with me. We have banked it round with earth, and put a row of stones round the inside, which makes it much warmer.

Our siege-train is now all ready and we have broken ground. Two batteries are completed and armed with very heavy ship's guns; the rest of the works will be armed, I suppose, to-morrow night.

We have been wonderfully successful, as far as we have gone. The enemy have kept up a constant fire night and day all round our line. They have even thrown shot and

shell over into our investing camp, and they throw a shot or shell into each of our batteries, or rather over them, every two or three minutes, and still our loss in the last fortnight amounts only to about eight killed and fifteen wounded out of the whole army.

We have had a good deal of cholera, but it is now much on the decrease. The work is very hard. There is an alarm nearly every day and night. Each time we have all to turn out and get under arms; we always give one or two companies on outlying picket. Last night every man of our regiment was out on duty, some of them quite in advance.

I went down to visit two of our companies last night a mile and a half down a gully close to the town. We could hear the people talking in our front, and the music of the tattoo; after that there was a great deal of firing all across the front. We were all out on the alert from one to three, but nothing wonderful came out of it. I hear we are to commence in earnest about Sunday 15th. A siege is very tedious work.

All sorts of reports are abroad about large

armies coming up in our rear, each well authenticated, but none true. However, we have skirmishes occasionally on all sides; but the Russians have been so completely cowed by Alma, that I really believe a sergeant's guard might oppose a whole division. I have not the slightest doubts as to the result of the affair, whether I shall live through it is another thing; but Sebastopol will fall within a fortnight.

The night before last I was on duty as field-officer of the day, and slept on a bank with Bob by my side, that is to say when I could find time to sleep for half an hour. The shot and shell were falling just behind our backs all night. Some shells burst and flew over us, and one big shot came over our heads; but not a soul was hurt, nor did the noise disturb our slumber (shot). The weather to-day is lovely — quite warm (another). We have all fallen in love with our new (another) brigadier, who is a (another) fine soldier and perfect gentleman.

Old Brown is still very civil to us; we are evidently his pet regiment, or rather remnant of a regiment. The command is no

easy work at present. I have no adjutant, my old sergeant-major was shot, my drum-major has died of cholera, my assistant sergeant-major was wounded, a junior captain is doing duty as major, and my companies are all commanded by young lieutenants, two of whom do not belong to the regiment. However, they get on somehow or other.

Tell Cat. the stars were brilliant last night—Sirius beautiful. Venus is my clock; I get up when she does every morning, provided I am not up all night. With all the work and roughing, I am, thank God, better than ever I remember to have been, except in the bush in Canada.

I began putting in the shots as they were fired, but they came so fast I was obliged to give it up. No balls are coming this way, there is too much in front to occupy them now.

TO HIS SISTER.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,
17th October 1854.

We are still in the same spot; the work has been extremely hard; officers and men

out every other night, sometimes two nights running ; consequently many of my men and six officers out of my small number are sick, but not, I hope, seriously. The enemy have kept up a constant fire night and day, but with very little effect. Up to this morning, Captain Rowly of the Guards and about twenty-five men killed and wounded during the fortnight.

This morning at half-past six o'clock our batteries opened with a tremendous roll. In about one hour we riddled the big town opposite our position, and silenced a good many guns in the batteries ; but the remainder continue to work away steadily. The Fleet are now keeping up a tremendous thundering from the sea-side. The French have had two of their magazines blown up, we have not heard with what loss. About an hour ago we blew up a large magazine belonging to the Russians.

We have, as far as I can learn, had very few casualties up to this time (four o'clock P.M.), in our regiment only two men slightly wounded. (Five o'clock) I heard a great explosion, and went to find out what it was ; I am sorry to

say it was one of our small magazines. The battery still continues to fire, so I hope no great harm is done. (Half-past five) No harm done ; a waggon going down with powder was hit by a shell, which stuck between the spokes of its wheel. The officer, thinking it was a round shot, went to pull it out, when it exploded and blew three wheels off and killed two horses, but no men. The waggon was left there, and the Russians continued to shell it and at last blew it up ; this was the explosion.

Our Fleet continues to pound away in the distance, we know not with what effect. We are all in readiness to move at a moment's notice with parties of Engineers and Sappers, Field-Artillery, ladder-parties provided with sledge-hammers, bags of powder, spikes for guns, etc.

It is evident we are not going to walk over the place in the way some people talked of, but I am confident of final success, and am sanguine as to the small amount of loss, considering the magnitude of the undertaking. The batteries are innumerable ; there are also many ships that continue moving about in the

harbour, and throw up very large shot and shell.

I am very well myself, thank God. Bell is opposite to me writing before going out in charge of a working party. I am out to-morrow morning, as field-officer of our brigade; I shall be able to see the fun from the batteries. The Russians stand to their guns splendidly.

TO HIS MOTHER.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,
22nd October 1854.

I have just time to say I am all right, as yet. We are getting on slowly. The Russians keep up their fire as briskly as ever. I believe the real attack is on the French side. I am off with a working party, and am just come in from divine service during which a heavy cannonade was kept up.

TO HIS SISTER.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,
(I believe between *22nd October* and *1st November 1854.*)

Here we are still—bang! whiz! fiz! boom! pat! pat! pat! from morning till night—just in

the same place as ever. My last letter was cut very short. I expected to have a whole afternoon quiet after church, when I got a sudden order to go off to a battery three miles away, with a large working party, and only had time to scribble a few lines.

The day before yesterday the Russians attacked us in rear, with a very powerful force. All the Turks ran away, left their redoubts, and hid in holes in Balaklava. The 93rd Highlanders were left alone in line with a couple of thousand Cossacks charging them. They managed in line to repulse them with great loss. After this all would have been well, if, unfortunately, a staff-officer had not taken a wrong order to the Light Cavalry Brigade, ordering them to charge a body of about 25,000 Infantry with Artillery and Cavalry, which of course they did, though they had to gallop nearly 2 miles; but, alas! few ever came back to tell the tale, only about 200 out of about 600. The heavies did well, and took a great many prisoners.

Yesterday we were attacked on our right, but having stout British troops we soon sent

them back to Sebastopol with very heavy loss, between 400 and 600 killed and wounded. We lost very few; our regiment only three half-fingers of one man. We, of course, know nothing of the plans or probabilities; I suppose it is all right, but very tedious. I hear we are to give up Balaklava to-morrow or next day, and draw in our lines, which will, I think, be a great advantage and lighten our work. I wish they would take the Turks' arms away from them and make them dig; they cannot fight.

The last three or four days I have had a little feverish attack like all the rest, but am getting better. Bell is well; so is Bob.

TO HIS MOTHER.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,
1st November 1854.

I am getting better and think the fever has quite left me, but I am as weak as a cat; I can hardly get about. A quantity of nasty little sore places are coming out about my hands and face from debility; however, I am taking plenty of quinine, and as soon as I can manage to eat

anything, I hope to be myself again. If anything has to be done I must go on for I could not trust the regiment to any one here.

We are going on very quietly. The affair on our right which I mentioned in my last letter proved of more importance than I had then reason to believe. The enemy advanced in great force with lots of "liquor on board"; so confident were they of success, that they brought pickaxes and shovels with them to make trenches (they did not take them back). We buried 650 or thereabouts, and the Russians were at work on their side of the hill all night also.

As the columns went into town again, two of our Lancaster guns sent a couple of shots right through their columns; one is said to have knocked over a gun, and the other to have shot their General. I think they got more than they bargained for; I much doubt their trying another sortie. I do not think we shall have much to do when we attack the place; the divisions that have not been engaged will form the storming-parties. Some say we

shall not storm at all, but work round steadily by the French side, till we can get batteries to take their lower forts in reverse. Still, my dearest mother, whatever we have to do, if the Almighty pleases that I am to return to see you, no Russians can prevent it, though shot may be as thick as hail.

I have just this moment got my little bed up from our ship, which will be a great luxury; my hips were getting very sore in spite of the pillow. My chum Bell takes great care of me, wants me to partake of large fids of ration beef, and can't quite understand why I don't eat it; however, he gets me anything he can. Watt is very attentive; I hear from Scutari that his operations are considered the best in the whole hospital. Campbell is getting much better. Poor Sayer is still very bad. Bathurst has gone home.

You must get the *Punches* of the 7th and 14th October; there are some beautiful lines on the embarkation, landing, and the Battle of the Alma. You can almost fancy yourself there, and most honourable mention is made of the Royal Welch. The Editor sent us a

copy of the paper as a compliment—very pretty.

I have no news to tell you. It is bitterly cold at present, but I daresay if the wind changes from the north it will be milder; the sky is very bright and clear. We are all very anxious to get this business over; everybody is sick of it, it seems such a pottering affair.

TO HIS SISTER.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,
7th November 1854.

I have written by every mail, but have ceased to receive any letters from you for some time; I conclude they have miscarried, as the mails are very irregular. I am getting better, but am very weak, and have lost my taste entirely. I begin to eat, but mutton, beef, salt pork, deal-board, strawberry jam (of which I have got a pot from a ship), all taste exactly alike. One or two things I do taste; mulled wine is like very bad salts, rhubarb, and senna.

The day before yesterday we had another very severe engagement on the heights of Inkermann. The Russians attacked our right

at the same place as before, but during the night they had got up a number of heavy guns, and at daylight attacked us with an overwhelming force. At first they drove in all our pickets, and worked up to the very tents of the Second Division. We soon got reinforcements and guns to work and stopped their advance; but their Artillery was much more numerous and powerful than ours. We fought from five o'clock in the morning till four in the afternoon before we succeeded in driving the Russian force off our heights; at last they went.

All our regiment was out on different pickets and in the trenches; I had, however, to get out of bed, where I was lying sick with fever, and collect all the sick men, servants, etc., of our brigade and take them out. Major M'Kenzie rode in to say the five-gun battery was in danger, and Codrington wanted all the support he could get. Luckily we had not far to go, but were under arms and under fire for many hours without anything to eat. I think it rather did me good, for I slept that night for the first time for many days. Poor

Duff was taken prisoner with ten men ; he was surrounded on an advanced picket.

Our loss has been great : Sir George Cathcart, General Goultie, General Strangways, killed ; General Torrens wounded, I fear mortally ; Generals Adams, Bentinck, and Sir George Brown wounded, besides many other officers of the Guards, etc. The loss of the Russians has been fearful ; they are supposed to have brought up 60,000 men and ninety guns. Their loss is estimated from 20,000 to 10,000 ; I think the latter nearer the truth.

Everybody is getting rather down in the mouth about the whole affair ; we seem to get no further. I hope our chiefs know what they are about. The season is getting very late and weather cold.

23RD ROYAL WELCH FUSILIERS.

Battle of Inkermann.

LIST OF OFFICERS WOUNDED, ETC.

Wounded.—Lieutenant F. F. Vane.*Missing.*—Lieutenant T. Duff.

Return of killed, wounded, and missing at the Battle of Inkermann, the 5th of November 1854.

	Lieutenants.	Sergeants.	Corporals.	Privates.	Total.
Killed . . .	...	...	...	8	8
Wounded . . .	1	2	1	18	22
¹ Missing . . .	1	1	...	12	14
Total . . .	2	3	1	38	44

¹ Lieutenant Duff and his party surrounded and taken prisoners at the White House.

TO HIS MOTHER.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,
13th November 1854.

The mail is in, and I have received letters from my very kind friends, Parlby, Mrs. Parlby, and Mrs. Wallington. I am gradually gaining strength; but it is slow work without any

comforts, in a cold tent in winter weather. I still do all the regimental work, which is difficult to manage without officers, pay-sergeants, or any regular adjutant.

Since last Sunday we have been quiet enough. There was an alarm this morning, but it proved to be a false one. I don't think the Russians like us much. Still, we make no advance towards taking Sebastopol; they bring up fresh guns every day. I fear we shall have to stay here all through the weary, long, dull winter; it is so monotonous. We are prisoners in the little bit of ground we are encamped on; nothing to do, no change, no amusement, no books, only now and then a mail. However, I pray God better times will come some day. Anything like common comfort would indeed appear sweet now. To be clean and get clean things on, oh, what a luxury it would be! .

There is no exaggeration about the creatures in this country, we have all found them out; they must come from the ground. Large centipedes are very common, but we don't mind them. I have not heard of any one

being bitten by one since we came to the country, although they abound in the tents.

We have had very bad, blowy, wet weather for some time ; to-day it blows hard but it is fine. Things are getting dry ; yesterday we were up to our knees in mud. This is a sad, gloomy letter, but I do not know what to say.

We have got out a reinforcement of part of the 46th Regiment and the 62nd Regiment ; they are very weak, still every little helps. Two more regiments are expected out every day, and 5000 men as drafts for all regiments here will arrive in about ten days. Herbert and a hundred men are coming to us, also two captains and one or two officers, which we want badly.

We have heard from Duff who was taken prisoner ; he is well and comfortable—writes for clothes and money. When he found he was surrounded he hid his watch in a cave, which he explained in his letter to us. We went and looked for it, and sure enough there it was all safe.

The French are getting reinforcements,

so we shall be able to hold our own against anything. If it was not for their powerful Artillery, we could drive them out of the country, but in that branch they are far superior in every way to us.

TO HIS SISTER.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,
18th November 1854.

Since I wrote to my mother we have had a terrific gale, amounting almost to a hurricane. At about two o'clock in the morning there came down a deluge of rain with heavy wind. Water literally poured through our tents; it did not drop, but actually poured on my bed. I got my greatcoat over my head and remained quiet, hoping for some time it would stop; but at dawn the wind rose, and the tent began to flap and roar like thunder. I jumped up to put something on, but before I had time to do so, a squall that was perfectly deafening struck us; our pole snapped, and away went the tent. I hustled on some boots and trousers and a shell jacket, and we then set to work to haul the tent flat over our goods and chattels and peg it

firmly down. Such a scene of desolation around—all mud—ruins—only about six tents standing.

Bell and I crept into my patrol tent with the saddles and lay there for about two hours, when suddenly the wind shifted towards the west, and blew more like a Barbados hurricane than anything I can imagine. Our little tent was literally blown up into the air, leaving me sitting on a small box with a cup of tea, which the faithful Styles had managed to get for me, in my hand. I then scrambled on hands and knees back to my prostrate bell-tent and got under it. While going up I saw large, heavy boxes, hospital-stretchers, stones, and every description of article, both heavy and light, flying through the air like cannon-shot—men's chacos, camp-kettles, all went, and were being dashed to atoms.

Later it came on to hail in squalls, and the wind dropped a little. I then collected the three companies that were in camp as well as I could, got their arms and accoutrements and the colours, and we staggered down into a valley close in our front. Here we were in comparative shelter, and the men,

though very wet, managed with difficulty to get some fires and cook some victuals—the first they had tasted that day.

The hail continued to fall in squalls till about three, then the wind abated, and it came on a heavy snow ; by this time only two tents remained standing, and they were torn to ribbons. However, we got up a party and set to work to repair damages, and before dark got up all the tents we had poles for ; they were muddy-looking things and the ground under them very wet, but better than nothing. Firelocks, knapsacks, were lying in every direction covered with snow and wet—everything perfect misery. The poor sick men—one with a mortal wound in his breast—were lying all day with the wet tent down on them ; not even a crack or hole to put them into.

Next day, though cold and blustry, was pretty fine ; yesterday was also fine, but cold ; to-day is beautiful, wintry but clean and dry, and comparatively warm. Oh, what a blessing it is ! No one that has not seen such a day as the day of the gale, without a hole to put his head in, can appreciate the real blessing of such a

day as this. Everybody is cheerful; all damages are being repaired.

We have lost no men-of-war, I hear, but one or two are dismantled; our transport-service has suffered much. The *Prince*, a very large new steamer, went down with all hands, and in her all the warm clothing for the troops. The *Jason*, one of the largest steamers, and ten others are all lost; a powder-ship among the number, which was much wanted. On the other hand, we are getting reinforcements, and the French siege operations are getting on, as far as I can judge, very well and steadily.

The effect of the gale on me has been wonderful. The excitement and work have roused me up, and, though I was wet through all day, and going backwards and forwards from the men to the camp all the afternoon, I got no relapse, and from that time I have had a wonderful appetite and have felt quite myself again. (This morning I tried a wash, and had my shirt *examined*—don't tell! I feel so comfortable since.)

I hope we shall have no more gales of wind just yet, though we must, of course, be prepared

for bad weather at this time of year. The French manage everything so much better than we do. They have got fine thick coats with hoods, lined with fur, to go on picket with, good clothes, everything they want, while our men are many of them barefooted, and are all in rags—poor fellows, they are wretched to look at.

The only men we have to carry our wounded to the rear and help are a few beardless boys, who are perfectly unfit and incapable to perform the duty. The only assistants Watt had at the Alma were a private soldier of another division, who volunteered to help and proved very handy, and a purveyor Mr. Harrington, who proved the kindest and best friend we have had out here. We had previously an opportunity of showing him some attention on board the *Victoria*, where he found himself alone amongst us all, and he never has forgotten it.

The French have a regular corps of trained men attached to every regiment, who understand everything, and are paid higher than common soldiers. It is beautiful to see them attending to a quantity of wounded. A surgeon hardly wants a thing before it is put

in his hand by an assistant, and has mules and medicine-chests in abundance, while we cannot get the commonest and most necessary things.

TO HIS SISTER.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,

25th November 1854.

Many thanks for your welcome letter. I do not think any one in England has really the least idea of what the men are going through here. As they sit over their fires they say, "Poor fellows, what hardships they have to encounter!" but do not picture to themselves, nor can they, the real state of things. I will try to give you an idea. I will take Drewe's company (as you know him), for eight days as an example; all the others are the same.

To begin with, do you remember that muddy lane near Torquay in the Teignmouth direction that I took you down to get you to the curious little bay where we saw the rock with an arch through it, where you and Miss Lynes got over your ankles in mud? Well, that lane was an exact similitude of the ground we are encamped on. We step out of our tent, and up to our

ankles in mud we go at once ; the inside of many of the men's tents is little better.

Now for Drewe. The first day he went on picket at five o'clock in the afternoon to the house in the ravine for twenty-four hours. It rained all night and the following day. There was a ledge of rock that he could get under, but, of course, he got wet through every time he went round his sentries—all the sentries were in the wild, open air all the time. By seven o'clock the following evening the company got back to camp—coats, blankets, everything soaked, no possibility of cooking or getting a fire. Few have got much more than half a pair of trousers left, and part of a pair of boots ; some are almost barefooted.

That night they lay in their tents, the rain pouring through all round one side ; ground, everything wet. Next morning they got up to try to cook with wet wood—only about one small mess-tin left between five or six men. This is their own fault as they threw away their camp-kettles after the Alma on the march, but it now remains a fact.

Before they had finished their cooking in

this slow manner, rain falling all the time, in kitchens made of stones in the mud, they were ordered off, all wet, to the trenches at Frenchman's Hill, where they were obliged to lie still in one place in the mud for twelve hours; rain and tremendous wind all night. At half-past six next morning they returned to struggle all day, cooking with damp wood, cleaning their rusty arms in the best way they could—rain falling, mud deeper—and at six o'clock in the evening off they started again hungry, wet, tired, for a second night at Frenchman's Hill.

Next morning back, after another wet night; then the same struggle to cook, and at half-past five out again for a third night at Frenchman's Hill. By this time everything was in pools of water rather than mud. They returned at about half-past six next morning, after enjoying (?) a perfect deluge of rain; so heavy was it that it poured like a waterspout through every part of my tent, but one little corner to leeward.

They gave him the next night in bed, as we call it (wet blankets and mud would be

nearer the truth), but at half-past five he had to be off to the trenches for a day—twelve hours; still raining. Last night he came in for his night in bed. To-night he is off again on picket for twenty-four hours to the house in the ravine. All the other companies have exactly the same work; I only give one as an example.

I am using every exertion to get things from Constantinople, but so infamous are our post-offices here, that it would be far easier to get them from New York to Torquay, than from Stamboul here. However, I got some trousers and a lot of flannel shirts yesterday, and expect pots, kettles, etc., in another week. All the Government Linsey-woolsey things went to the bottom in the hurricane. They have promised our men an extra suit of clothing as soon as they can send it, but I have little faith in Government arrangements or promises.

You asked me about the Scutari hospital; there is no doubt of the misery and bad arrangements there. Many of our men were left two or three days without having their

wounds dressed—officers as bad. I know that Bathurst and Sayer had their wounds crawling with insects from neglect. The surgeons did all they could, but human nature cannot work beyond a certain point, and there are no proper assistants like the French have.

As for the nice beds! hundreds of men were lying on the hard tiles with nothing but blankets, and still are, at this present moment, from the Battle of Inkermann. I believe plenty of things have been sent out, but through some mismanagement or obstinacy the higher medical authorities will not issue them for the use of the troops.

Thank God, we have had a fine bright day, the first for a long time. We were all at work drying, but the mud and water on the ground were greatly in our way. We have nothing to hang our clothes on within reach of our camp. To-night is very fine; we hope for another day's sun, it will set us up again. Watt will not let me go on duty again yet. I think I am strong enough, but I cough a great deal; still I am much better. My draft of 130, under Herbert, came out a few days ago,

looking so white in the face and so clean. Poor fellows, they little dreamed the work that was before them!

27th.—Just after I finished writing last night, there was a tremendous row over on the French side. It commenced with a regular salvo of I don't know how many guns, then a splendid roll of musketry, accompanied by showers of shell, etc. I heard a report in the day that the French were to make an attack on some outwork; I suppose that was the row, but we have not yet heard the truth.

The reports of our prospects are better to-day. In the meanwhile we have no rum, no forage for the horses, and last night were short of rations from want of transport; however, we may hope this will mend. I have received neither of the letters you mention in your last letter, which I very much regret; they may possibly turn up some day or other. Our fine weather has not lasted; to-day is a nasty, thick fog. Our poor boys are already breaking down and dying, one each day; two, I fear, to-day.

TO HIS MOTHER.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL (and likely to remain here), 12th December 1854.

As I have nothing cheering to say, I will at any rate send a letter that is *couleur de rose*.¹ We are still just where we were. It has rained until four days ago, since when it has been fine. To-day is lovely; much we wanted it, everything was wet and wretched.

Unfortunately our commissariat transport has broken down, and we only get short rations; sometimes a quarter of a pound of salt pork and half a pound of biscuit a day, very short commons for men at hard work. We are now trying to carry up our provisions on the men's backs from Balaklava, 6 miles off, over very bad roads; this, however, cannot last with the heavy duty we have to do.

We are getting out reinforcements fast, but the freshcomers cannot stand the exposure. I had a draft of 230 men a fortnight ago, out of which thirty-eight have died of cholera! Our old soldiers, who look drawn to nothing

¹ The paper was a rose colour.

and dirty as pigs, work through it all. We are also getting up a quantity of heavy guns and mortars; when they are all up, I hear we are to make another attempt. In the meantime the Russians are working in every direction, strengthening their works and erecting batteries, one behind another. The whole place is full of guns. When we open fire again they will at least have three to our one; still, we must take it somehow or other.

I hear houses (huts) are coming out for us,—we want them. I am quite well again now, and, thank God, have recovered my energy, which I had quite lost.

I am very much hurried with this letter, for we have just received an order informing us that our mail cannot be carried for us, as usual, but that we must send a man on foot to carry our letters to Balaklava, and bring up the mail from thence.

We were all turned out last night at about twelve o'clock, and there was a tremendous cannonading on our left and a great deal of musketry. We advanced and were ready for them, but the attack was altogether on the

French and our left attack; after remaining out about an hour we turned in and slept like tops. I had been out in the trenches all the night previous and was pretty sleepy. Bell had to start again for the trenches at five o'clock.

I have two or three instruments and about eight or nine bandsmen left; I am going to make them try to play. Yesterday afternoon we had a trial, pretty successful, something like an inferior street band; however, it sounded jolly in our woebegone camp.

I got a bottle of preserved cherries and a bit of flour yesterday, and we had such a pudding. We also got a loaf of *white bread*! a 3d. loaf, for which we paid 2s.! The bottle of cherries was 6s.; marmalade is to be had for 8s. a pot—a 10d. pot. In fact, supplies are getting plentiful and cheap (?), only we have such difficulty in getting up anything from Balaklava. We carry up our own forage for our horses—everything; the commissariat are quite broken down.

TO HIS MOTHER.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,

14th December 1854.

Many thanks for the parcel which I hear is coming. If we had all the things our kind friends have sent us, we should be in luxury ; but, alas ! they have not yet arrived even at Balaklava, and when there we have no means of getting them up here. The two or three half-starved animals we have left are employed wading backwards and forwards, through snow and mud, bringing up rations and warm clothing for the men. We have got sheepskin coats of every colour and pattern under the sun for the men ; also drawers, socks, shirts, jerseys, etc., but they have come too late. Moreover, nothing will keep alive men who are out two and three nights running in snow or mud, and have nothing but a tent that is pervious to wind and weather to return to in the morning.

Two days ago, I got a requisition granted for one wooden hut, which will hold twenty men, for my hospital ; the hut was in packages at Balaklava. I applied for leave to send a large party

to bring it up, but was refused, and told I must not take any men off duty in the trenches. However I did, and sent sixty men down blundering through the snow 6 miles. The poor fellows came back loaded, but brought only one-sixth part of my fine hut. It will take five more days hard work to get it all up, and then I must put it together myself; that is, if it is possible to clear away the snow and level the ground, which it is not possible to do at present, the snow being more than a foot deep and the ground like iron. When it is up it will only hold twenty sick men, and I have 143!

My mare and Bob go down constantly to bring up loads of charcoal, clothing, or anything required, but it is a desperate struggle for bare life.

We had seventy-three deaths last month. This month we have had an average of two a day, till the day before yesterday, when there were five, yesterday eight—this is sad indeed! I have been very sanguine, but I fear there is little hope; now nothing is being done. I am very well myself, though pretty cold now and then.

I was not able to finish my fireplace before the frost and snow set in, so I cannot burn wood, and there have been so many accidents from charcoal that I am afraid of it. Having a double tent, too, has its disadvantages, as well as advantages; it is quite dark in it, and I am obliged either to burn candles all day, or write with my door wide open, which is not comfortable with the thermometer at 14°. I have just got a pair of sailor's boots that I can wear with three pair of socks on, such a comfort; paid £2:5s. for them, and think them cheap.

Herbert is well, and doing very good work for me. Bell is also working hard; poor fellow, he lost his brother in the 28th Regiment last week. Dyneley and young Bigge are the only officers I have doing duty besides the two former. Drewe is ill with rheumatism. Bulwer, Granville, John, Millett, and Jebb have all gone away sick. I have remaining 311 men fit for duty.

I think I told you that they were about to erect a window in St. Mary's at Chester in memory of our poor fellows that fell at Alma. In Wales they have subscribed £2000 for a testimonial for the regiment, to be laid out

in plate, I hear, for the mess. A gentleman has sent out a ton of cheese for our men; it has not yet arrived.

There was a tremendous cannonading over on the French side the night before last, but we have not yet heard the result or cause. We have been pretty quiet the last few days.

TO HIS MOTHER.

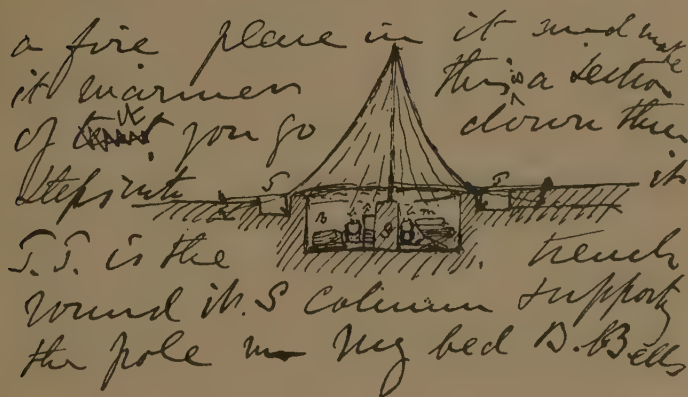
CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,
22nd December 1854.

I have been very busy lately, and the post day has come round sooner than I expected it, so you must be contented with a short letter. I have nothing to tell you from here.

The Russians made a sortie on our works the night before last; they turned our guard of the advanced works out of the trenches, but we got them back very soon. I had two companies there; they lost one man killed, seven wounded. We have been called out three nights running, and have advanced and taken up a position, but each time the alarm has proved false. The night before last we were out twice,

from twelve to half-past two, and again from five to half-past seven in the morning.

We have had a few fine days lately, but last night and to-day it has rained continually, except when it stopped to give us a little hail and sleet. I am at work sinking the ground under my tent, so as to make a fireplace in it and make



it warmer. This is a section of it:—we go down three steps into it, TT is the trench round it, S a column supporting the pole, m my bed, B Bell's bed, F fireplace, bb powder-boxes used as cupboards. There is not much room in it; however, if it is warm that is all one wants here.

I will remember you to Campbell. Tell Cat.

I have sent home for some new shirts, etc., and to Fortnum and Mason for some tea, chocolate, and portable soup; of course it is a very long time before we get anything out. Our great want here is dry boots; I am trying to get a second pair from some of the sailors. They have big boots that are nearly waterproof; capital things for the trenches, where we are always up to our knees in mud and water.

Our reinforcements are arriving fast, and we are getting up some fine big guns; so, if we don't get frozen first, I think we shall do by and by all right.

TO HIS MOTHER.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,
1st January 1855.

A Happy New Year, and may I see you again before the next.

4th January.—I was interrupted in my letter on the 1st. Since then I have received your letter dated Montreux, 9th December, No. 19; for which many thanks. Tell Cat. I shall expect to see magnificent drawings. I have

been obliged to give up all idea of artistic operations.

Day and night I am at work, bodily and mentally, endeavouring to invent means of carrying on the duties of the regiment, and keep up a semblance of system and discipline. I am without officers, and can hardly get a sergeant to do any work, and no wonder ; poor fellows, night after night in the trenches up to their ankles in mud, and always wet through.

Yesterday and the day before we had deep snow, sleet, and hail ; to-day it has been beautifully clear, but the thermometer down at 14°. Canvas tents are hardly adapted for this sort of work. Bell and I are more comfortable than our neighbours. Through our own labours we have a fireplace, but it is not finished ; I cannot complete the chimney till it thaws and is fine. I have got a long iron pipe, which formerly formed part of an aqueduct to Sebastopol, as the top of it.

Many kind friends are sending us out good things. Lady Downes has sent me a parcel of warm wraps, as she calls them. Lady Morley and others have sent out things of

which I am to have a share. A clergyman in Yorkshire has sent the regiment out 200 pairs of socks. Mrs. Lynes has kindly sent me a fur coat and gloves, which will be most acceptable. Sayer's father has sent us six cases of brandy for the officers, and 200 pounds of tobacco for the men. When it all comes we shall be in clover. In the meantime, we are rather in the starving line, not we individually, we manage to get on very well, but the men; they are dying off very fast. I have sent away seventy sick in the last three weeks, and have 105 sick left here.

The night before last I was in the trenches on duty, and I had 200 men of the Guards as part of my guard. I discovered Holder, Parlby's brother-in-law, who had just come out as the officer commanding. Such a night as it was too; it pelted with rain from the time I went on duty till I came off.

I must tell you about our duty in the trenches. At a quarter-past five in the evening I get on my horse (Bob) and ride to a hill opposite our camp. There I meet eighteen companies of different regiments of our brigade, and the

first nine of them I send with a major to the advance work, a breastwork in the front of the twenty-one-gun battery, at about 500 yards from it ; the rest go with me to the battery.

I tell each regiment before starting whereabouts they are to go, and what sentries they are to give ; then off we start through the dark about a mile to the front, over stones and bushes. As soon as we arrive, Styles takes Bob home, my men take their places, and I wade from one end of the work to the other, about 400 yards, to see all is right, and correct blunders. If it is very dark one tumbles into half-a-dozen drains and holes.

Later I visit the sentries in front ; jump, kick, dance to warm my feet ; listen to the shot and shell flying at the French, sometimes at us ; now and then get under an old tarpaulin sheet we have put up in a corner, and at six A.M. we see our relief coming down. Bob comes and I ride home, get my wet things off, have my breakfast, and set to work at regimental business.

When I get a day guard it is just the same ; only I go down at half-past five A.M. and come

off at six P.M., and we have to look out for shot and rifle balls. Our enemies are very quick with both, but we have very good cover and seldom lose a man.

TO HIS SISTER.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,
24th January 1855.

Yesterday I got a bundle of letters sent me from Balaklava, and yours of the 17th November among them. I have finished one wooden hut, and half done another all by myself with no assistance, except from two or three handy men in the regiment.

The first hut is full of sick. Since I wrote to you the weather has been very cold, and snow deep. The three last days have been very fine and warm, the snow is nearly gone again, though the nights are cold. Nothing particular is going on; the Russians make vigorous attacks every night on the French, but they don't trouble us much. I am to get a draft of one officer and a hundred men up to-day; poor fellows, they won't last long. I have only 206

men now left fit for duty ; there were seven deaths yesterday.

I am at present better than ever, but very dirty. Bell is laid up with a terrible bad cough. Poor fellow, he coughs all night long till he gets perfectly exhausted ; to-day he is rather better. Ned Wetherall is getting on very well, he is looked up to and respected by every one ; in fact, he is one of the only really good staff officers at headquarters.

Yesterday I stumbled on Bob Portal, whom I was very glad to see. He tells me his poor sister-in-law, Mrs. Windham Portal, is again very ill ; poor thing, she seems to rally and fall off again in a wonderful manner. I have received three letters from Sam and answered them. My table is covered with letters from all quarters, all speaking of parcels of warm clothing and eatables for officers and men, but none of them arrive. The *Adelaide* is in, but I find no parcel for me on board ; everything seems to be in confusion both here and in England.

TO HIS MOTHER.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

(No date.)

Many thanks for your letters of the 1st January and 12th January. The latter I received in the trenches at about eleven o'clock at night ; it was brought down to me by the corporal who came with the grog for the men, and I read it by my lantern.

Tell Miss Lynes that the smoke goes out of the chimney. I have got my floor nearly all boarded now. With the exception of two or three days, we have had much finer weather lately ; some days are quite warm. And we have now got an abundance of warm clothing, more than we know what to do with. We are getting fresh guns fast, but they are being dragged up by men not horses. I think our men are looking much better, though we had ninety-four deaths in our regiment in camp last month.

We are now making great efforts to send all our sick away ; we use all our own private horses for the purpose. I have sent

down eighty-four in the last five days. If we can separate the sick from the hale, I think we should get better. The men are suffering much from scurvy.

The night before last I was on duty at the trenches, and I took an amateur down with me, Colonel Vaughan of the Montgomeryshire Militia, who has given us so many recruits. Though it rained a little, the night turned out very fine afterwards, and I took him over all the works; we also broke ground for a new approach, which was interesting. A shell came pretty near him, and there was a great deal of firing on our left, so he was well lionised, and went home to our camp in the morning much pleased.

We hear fresh reports every day. Three days ago it was said that peace was declared; last night that Ministers were out, and we were to have war to the knife. They were making a great noise in Sebastopol yesterday afternoon, drumming, etc., about something; we expected an attack, but it did not come.

I send you a copy of a letter I received last mail, and my answer to it. I hope you got

my letter thanking you for the warm things you sent me, also the tea. P. P.'s coat is so comfortable, but far too handsome. I have received some nice things from Lady Downes, but nothing so comfortable as your drawers and jerseys. The Almanac is very jolly, it looks like old Torquay.

Frequently at night, watching the shells flying in their graceful curves, one looks at a star by mistake and fancies it a shell, and wonders why it moves so slowly ; I have often taken Mr. Sirius for a shell. I have no more news. I have completed four huts and nearly finished two more ; but they hinder me much by their mismanagement in landing the things.

One day old Colonel Yea's beautiful gray charger got loose, and strayed into our lines ; he was immediately sent off to Bala-klava for a load. A few minutes after he had started, old Yea came over to our camp storming and swearing dreadfully ; of course, no one knew anything about it.

He then came to me, and I inquired about his horse, which was not then quite out of sight. The quartermaster at last came out

of his tent and said, "Oh yes, a strange horse strayed into our lines; we did not know what to do with him, so he was sent down to Balaklava to be fed and taken care of." So he was; but he returned with two large boxes of boots on his back for the men, and was then sent to his master with my compliments.

About the end of January I received the following gracious letter:—

WINDSOR GREAT PARK, 18th January 1855.

Colonel Seymour presents his compliments to Lieutenant-Colonel Lysons, and is commanded by the Queen to inform him that Her Majesty, having heard of the death of the goat belonging to the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, has been graciously pleased to signify a wish to replace him by another of the same breed from Windsor Park.

The Queen being aware, however, of the difficulties that may attend the conveyance of the goat to the Crimea, and of its maintenance during so arduous a campaign, has been pleased to instruct Colonel Seymour to ascertain from

Lieutenant-Colonel Lysons whether it is the wish of the regiment to have it sent to the Crimea immediately, or to have it forwarded to the dépôt, or to be kept in Windsor Park, until the termination of the contest in which the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers are bearing so distinguished a part.

Lieutenant-Colonel Lysons,

Commanding 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

To which I replied as follows :—

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,
6th February 1855.

Lieutenant-Colonel Lysons presents his compliments to Colonel Seymour, and begs that he will convey in the most suitable terms to the Queen the sincere feeling of gratitude entertained by the officers and soldiers of the Royal Welch Fusiliers, for the high mark of distinction conferred on them by Her Most Gracious Majesty. The fate of the late goat induces Lieutenant-Colonel Lysons to request that his successor may be allowed to remain in Windsor Park, until the army may have the good fortune to carry back to their ever-mindful Sovereign peace and glory.

TO HIS MOTHER.

SNOW BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,
20th February 1855.

Last night Drewe was sitting with me when my man returned from Balaklava with two boxes, one full of delicious preserved fruit, the other of all sorts of good things—capital chocolate, biscuits, soups, pâtés, etc.—the best box of things I have seen in camp. A note informed me that it was from Marseilles, by your order—of course the parcel you spoke of—very many thanks for it. These things are by far the most useful to us now; my tent is cram full of warm things. Mr. Champnes has sent me a very nice fur coat (sealskin), the one he used to wear in Torquay; it is nothing like so warm as P. P.'s coat, but is light, and does to walk about in, in moderate weather.

Lately the weather has been very fine; the ground had dried up wonderfully. We were beginning to flatter ourselves that the winter was over. Last night when I turned in it was quite mild. At about half-past two this morning the General sent down to desire me to have the regiment out under

arms before daylight ; I looked out and found all the ground covered with snow again, the wind blowing half a gale, and very cold. To-day has been the worst we have had at all. The Russians, I suppose, found it too cold to come out to call on us.

We have been working hard lately, making new batteries and works, and arming our old batteries with fresh guns ; we shall soon, I think, try something. We hear the Turks have thrashed the Russians at Eupatoria ; this is excellent news. I have got up two hospital huts, and a row of huts for the companies ; I am now putting up one for the officers. We intend to have a dinner-party in it on 1st March, St. David's Day ; that is if the Russians will let us. If they do disturb our party, they must expect a considerable thrashing !

I have quite finished the floor of my tent ; the fireplace draws well. Yesterday I made wooden steps into it—the tent, not the fire—so as to have a cupboard underneath, which contains part of the contents of the parcel.

Sunday we had a service read by a clergyman, the first we have had for a long time. I

think I told you before I had to turn clergyman myself, as all our chaplains have gone sick.

P.S. — Since writing the above, I have received another box from Eyles, with a very nice letter from him. It contained several very useful articles, for which many thanks.

TO HIS SISTER.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,
11th March 1855.

We are all getting on very much better now. My boys are turning out quite smart again ; we are getting everything into order. I can only furnish 300, but they are all looking well, and, though young, seem fit for anything. We had a parade yesterday, with everything complete. The General, Codrington, came to see us.

Just as we had finished, who should ride up but old Monsieur Frossard, looking so well and younger than when we parted at Nismes. He went round to see all I had to show him ; he admired my hospitals and mess-room. I then rode back with him to the French camp, through a thick fog. He was

afraid of losing his way, and no wonder; it is no easy matter, even for us who know the ground so well, to steer about in the thick fogs we sometimes have.

We have a report here that the Emperor of Russia is dead; it appears to be true. What will such an event produce? I suppose that depends on who is the successor, the eldest or second son.

We are still at work in our batteries, they are nearly ready. The French are also getting on fast. We have fireworks every night in the shape of long-range rockets; they look very pretty when you are on the right side of them.

12th.—Last night we commenced a new parallel in front of a new work of the Russians. We broke ground very successfully; I don't think the enemy knew what we were about. Only one man was killed, and I suspect he was hit by one of our own balls; it is very difficult in the dark to know friends from foes when beginning new works.

I am expecting Monsieur Frossard every moment to breakfast, after which we are going

to call on General Bosquet. Monsieur Frossard has been appointed Protestant "Aumonier general" to the French army—the first that has ever been recognised.

TO HIS MOTHER.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,
16th March 1855.

Tell Miss Lynes *I* saw Venus and Mars and Mercury one night last month, with the Russian and French shells twinkling across them, and now and then took one for the other, and wondered that Mars did not fall and burst.

I wish the writers of the articles in *The Times*, that Cat. refers to, could have been out here to see the work officers had to do, and have still to do, and see the results.

My hospitals are beautiful; and every one looking healthy and well, except some bad fever cases. Poor Watt has been very near dying himself. He is declared out of danger to-day, but will have to go home; he is reduced to a shadow.

My men, or rather boys, are brushing up and getting everything in capital order.

One of my officers joined from Winchester School; he was obliged to ask leave of the headmaster to go up and dine at his own mess after he got his commission. The only officers whom I cannot get to do their work are those who rise from the ranks; they seldom succeed, though there are some good ones amongst them, my man, Luke O'Conner, for instance.

The night before last we had a tremendous cannonading and musketry fire in our front. I was dining with Sir George Brown, and had to run back to my regiment and get under arms; I believe the Russians opened from every gun in Sebastopol. It subsided, and we turned in again; but an hour after it commenced afresh, and a second time we got under arms. Next morning we heard the French had attempted to take some rifle-pits from the Russians, and the Russians had taken them back; after all that firing only two Frenchmen were wounded, and about five of ours.

Since the French have come to our side of the attack, they have completely fallen in our estimation; they are backward, and not to be

depended on in any way. Our regimental establishments are far better than theirs ; our men far better off.

We have got the confirmation of the Emperor's death ; nevertheless, to-day we have received a report of a warlike nature, but nothing can be believed in camp. The man has come for letters, so good-bye.

TO HIS SISTER.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,
26th March 1855.

Yesterday I went over to the French camp on our left to attend Monsieur Frossard's service, which was held in a small hut belonging to a Commandant Berkheim of the Artillery. Our congregation was small, seven officers and about thirty soldiers and sailors, all French. He gave us a beautiful sermon ; I am sorry to say he leaves the Crimea to-morrow. I have seen little of him, I can seldom stir from my camp ; he also has been much engaged, and whenever I went over to call on him, he was sure to miss me on his way to my camp.

We had a sharp thing in our advance work on the night of the 22nd. The Russians attacked the whole of our advanced parallel in force. We lost three officers killed, four wounded, and about thirty-six men killed and wounded in our attack alone. The French lost one hundred men killed; I don't know how many wounded. We had an armistice the day after to allow the Russians to bury their dead; we all walked about and talked to them in front of our works. Their officers acknowledge to 1500 killed and wounded.

While the flag of truce was flying, a Russian officer of artillery went up to ask Sir Richard Airey if General Dakers, commanding the English artillery, was on the ground. On Sir Richard answering in the negative, the officer said, "Your 68-pounder gun that your people call Jenny is a beautiful gun, but we think we have one as good in that embrasure," pointing up to the mamelon, "and we should like to have a fair duel with her." Airey took up the challenge at once, and everything was arranged for twelve o'clock noon next day. When the time arrived all the batteries

on both sides ceased firing. A large number of officers, French and English, were assembled at our look-out station, behind the 21-gun battery, to look on.

Our sailors' gun detachment mounted on their parapet and took off their hats, saluting the Russians. The Russians returned the compliment. The English gun was given the first shot as the senior gun; it struck the side of the Russian embrasure. Then they fired, a very good shot too. The third shot from Jenny went clean through the Russian embrasure, and up went two gabions. The blue-jackets jumped up on their parapet and cheered, thinking they had beaten their opponents. Not a bit! a minute afterwards down went the gabions and out came the Russian gun again. Several more shots were fired from both sides, all very good ones. Jenny got a nasty thump, but it did her no harm. At length, I think the seventh shot from our side, we saw the Russian gun knocked clean over. Our fellows cheered vociferously, and the Russians mounted their parapet and took off their hats in acknowledgment of their defeat.

All the batteries then opened again. Thus ended the great gun duel.

The French have tried several nights running to advance their works, but have failed signally, and the Russians have established a parallel about 50 yards in front of the French, parallel with the French gabions. This is very disgraceful; our Allies are falling fast in our estimation. I do not see how we are to take the place; and I don't think the Engineers know more than I do myself.

I fear poor Campbell is no more; I heard yesterday from Scutari that he was not expected to live more than two or three hours. He will be a great loss to me; he was a sincere friend and valuable officer. He had been working very hard to get the Great Hospital into something like order, and caught the hospital fever, of which he died.

I have now scarcely anybody left but young boys, very nice lads, but as yet quite useless. Fancy Vane, Granville, and Dyneley getting their companies, and Bell his majority.

We still find our mess-house a great luxury; we are all sitting in it writing at

this moment. It is a wooden hut, 28 feet by 16, with a door at each end and a window over each door. It is papered with newspaper; and the panels are of brown paper, with pictures of the *Illustrated News* in the centre of each, with white rims round each panel and picture—the paste took about as much flour as would have made three roly-poly puddings.

TO HIS MOTHER.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,

6th April 1855.

I wrote to you by the mail before last; little has happened since then. We are working very hard, so are the Russians. We have made a number of new mortar batteries lately, which the authorities have great confidence in.

Last week I rode over with Herbert to the Monastery of St. George, it is a beautiful spot; the building is stuck up against a cliff in a small bay. The day was fine, and everything seemed so quiet I could have fancied myself back in the Isle of Wight. I took two or three sketches; the rocks were like those between Torquay and Teignmouth, though higher.

We have still a good many cases of fever, but the men, in general, are looking remarkably well. They are very well off now in every way.

Monsieur Frossard has gone again. Watt has started for England. I have just come back from a service. We have a new clergyman now, whom I do not think much of. Nearly all the chaplains have been obliged to go home ; many have died. It required a strong man to struggle through the winter and the hardships we had then to meet ; it seems now to have passed like a dream.

We hear different accounts every day with regard to peace ; the last is war to the knife, but nothing can be depended upon here.

TO HIS SISTER.

21-GUN BATTERY BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,
13th April 1855.

We are once more hard at work ; our batteries are opened and a great blazing going on. I went on duty in the trenches the evening of the day the fire began. I had to go to the advanced works with 800 men, leaving 400 with the major, in, or rather on, each side of the twenty-

one-gun battery. In the middle of the night the enemy advanced, and we had a firing match. They brought some field-pieces to bear on us, but without effect ; after a quarter of an hour they retired again, and everything remained quiet.

During the night we threw shell into the town, and at daylight opened fire again from all the guns. In the advanced parallel we were just between two fires, all the shells going over our heads. We were quite safe from the enemy's fire, but many of our own 13-inch shell burst over our heads, and all the pieces came down amongst us ; luckily they did no harm. I only had three men killed and four wounded during the day, all from rifle shots.

This is now our fourth day of battering, and we have done very little, if anything, towards silencing the Russian fire. What is to be the next move I know not. We must try something ; our worthy heads seem to possess very little brains. On the second day of our fire they suddenly found out that there were no gunners to man the guns, and one battery was left unmanned all day.

The enemy have returned very little fire

for some reason ; people think they are short of gunners too, but what they do fire is very well done. They have knocked out many of our guns, killed a great many sailors and gunners, and several officers. Captain Peel ordered one of his captains of a gun to the rear, he having been wounded in the left hand. He was found sitting in a corner a few minutes after with his hand all shattered, and the tears rolling down his cheeks, saying, " It is a shame that a poor fellow like me shouldn't be allowed to fight his own gun, it's not the hand I pull with." Ships' guns are fired with a lock that is pulled by a long string or lanyard.

This afternoon we had a parade to give away medals for distinguished conduct. I had fifteen to give away, but four poor fellows had died since I had recommended them. One young sergeant was very ill in hospital ; I took him his medal, and gave it to him in bed. The poor fellow brightened up so, and was so pleased ; he was just writing home, I told him to report it in his letter. I believe it did him more good than all the doctors and medicine in the world.

We had a church service and sacrament in a hut in the 77th lines. I missed much my old companion, Campbell; Drewe went with me.

I have no news. I am sitting in our mess-hut, and a staff assistant surgeon is singing "Katty Darling" very prettily indeed, and I hear a very sharp fire of musketry and guns outside, shaking the houses. I have just been out to see; it is a very sharp attack on the French side to our left,—the firing continues extremely thick.

TO HIS MOTHER.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,
24th April 1855 (finished 26th April).

I certainly did give you a long and illustrated account of St. David's Day, but as you have not received it, I will give you another.

The hut was papered with newspapers, with brown paper panels. In the centre of each was a picture cut out of the *Illustrated London News*; red sashes were festooned round the top; the colours at the end over my head. We sat down, thirty-two; General Codrington on my

right, poor Egerton, 77th, on my left. We had tablecloths, plates, tumblers, etc., borrowed from the *Trent* steamer. Each servant cooked what he could do best. Some of the contents of your nice Marseilles box were much appreciated at dessert—the fruit in brandy, of which I spared them two bottles, and some capital almond stuff. I have not yet received the oranges and lemons, but I daresay they will come in due time—but to the dinner; it went off capitally.

By the way, Lord Raglan happened to be passing our camp as our table was being laid for the dinner; he came and looked into the hut, and was much interested and pleased with this early effort to get up something jolly. The drum-major came in with the leeks, and to our surprise a goat (our old goat had died) led by a chain. After he had presented the leeks to the young Welchmen, the goat sat up on his hind legs and drank a glass of champagne, much to the amusement of the company. He proved to be Styles, my groom, dressed up in a sheepskin coat, with the old goat's head stuck on his cap.

I proposed the health of the Queen; and handed over the Welch toasts to Herbert, who made several good little speeches with much fun in them. I then proposed Codrington's health in a speech that was received with great applause; it ran about thus:—"There was a gray horse! This gray horse was seen at the Battle of Alma constantly passing backwards and forwards in the ranks of the Royal Welch Fusiliers. This gray horse carried an officer who, by his example and cheery voice, encouraged the men of the regiment in the moment of extreme danger. Since then we have to acknowledge many an act of kindness and courtesy extended to us by him (tremendous cheering). I need hardly say the toast I propose is the health of General Codrington (renewed cheering)—health, and three times three."

I then proposed the health of Colonel Vaughan¹ of the Monmouth Militia, who was staying with us, and had furnished us with a large quantity of volunteers from his regiment of Militia. I compared him to a nurse who kept a capital nursery of very fine children

¹ Father of the present Archbishop, Cardinal Vaughan.

for the regiment; this caused a good deal of fun and brought a good answer from him, he speaks remarkably well. Several other healths were drunk, the band played, one or two songs were sung, and all went off well.

On the 9th we opened fire again, and battered away for six days, but did very little harm to the enemy's defences. We lost a good many men, principally artillery and sailors. Last week we made an attack on some rifle-pits which we took easily, but the Russians attacked about two hours after in great force, and we lost a great many men. Poor Colonel Egerton, who commanded the party, was killed, also a captain of the 77th, Lemprier, a very nice little fellow. About fifty men were killed or wounded, but we kept the pits and they are now part of our works. I lost two men killed and three wounded in the affair.

The French are very much astonished at the way in which we have done it. They admire us very much, but are, of course, very jealous, as they have failed in every attempt of late, and have quite left us in the lurch. They certainly are not the men we took them for.

I got the chocolate and the blankets ; many thanks for the former. I wrote twice to Eyles, and hope he got my letter. The weather here is beautiful now. My men are looking remarkably well ; they are coming out of hospital very fast, there are only four bad cases left in it now.

I see *The Times* and some other papers praise our hospital. It is very perfect now ; I have three huts all whitewashed, two marquees, and seven bell-tents in that establishment.

Old Bob is getting quite lively again, and the mare as fat as a pig ; "Sultan Achmet" is quite well, and all desire to be remembered to you, particularly Bob.

Poor James Carnegie must feel the loss of his wife very much, with all those young children.

John came up to see me two days ago ; I mounted him on my mare, and took him to the Third Division races. He was looking very well, but had sprained his ankle again.

TO HIS MOTHER.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,
11th May 1855.

A very promising expedition started last week ; we all expected great things and a move in the right direction, but, to the great disappointment and disgust of every one, the expedition returned, recalled by Canrobert, they say. Our people are violent against him.

The Sardines (as people here playfully call them) have arrived to be potted ; the 10th Hussars and 12th Lancers have arrived from India ; the Buffs have also arrived ; several other regiments are expected and some drafts, but what is the good of all this, if our Generals do not know what to do with them ? We fight away every night in our trenches and lose men, apparently for no purpose, while our Generals and Engineers are scratching their heads and looking bewildered.

I had a great lark with the Russians two nights ago. I was on duty in the advanced trenches, and heard a working party at work in our front, but could not make out exactly where.

It was very dark, so I got the Artillery officer to come with me and fire a light ball in the direction—neither he nor any one else in the trenches had ever fired one before. However we tried, and succeeded in sending it just over where the Russians were throwing up a new trench; my men blazed away at them and effectually stopped the work. In return the Russians fired at us every sort of thing they could lay their hands on; lots of shell fell close into our trench, and we had to lie very flat. Luckily, we had not a single man hit at that time, and only one was killed and three wounded during my twenty-four hours.

Yesterday and to-day it has been raining, but generally the weather has been beautiful.

A few days ago I went a very pretty ride with Herbert and Bell; we got two good sketches. My men are still looking well; fever has decreased. There is more bowel complaint at present, and some wounds.

There are some very pretty wild flowers about, amongst them a pretty yellow jessamine, but I have no means of collecting them. I have sent a letter to *The Times* thanking

people for presents. I got a letter from James Carnegie last mail.

TO HIS SISTER.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,
19th May 1855.

The lemons were splendid fresh fellows, but Pocklington sent no oranges.

We had a division parade yesterday for the first time. My mare looked well ; but we could only turn out 319 rank and file. The day was awfully hot,—to-day is worse.

Our old enemy, the cholera, had made his appearance again, but I am glad to say it appears to be dying away ; we have had no fresh case for four days. All our fever cases are getting much better.

Our commanders seem quite flabbergasted ; I believe they have given up all intention of doing anything. We shall in all probability have to work out another winter here, and I'll be bound to say there will be no more precautions taken than there were last year. The Sardinian army is beautifully equipped, everything so perfect—carts, waggons, horses, mules,

etc., complete. The monotony of this work is getting very wearing.

TO HIS MOTHER.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,
28th May 1855.

If I meet Danvers of the Artillery I will make his acquaintance, but these vast camps are most unsociable. There may be hundreds of my old friends here, but still I may never see them, unless by accident.

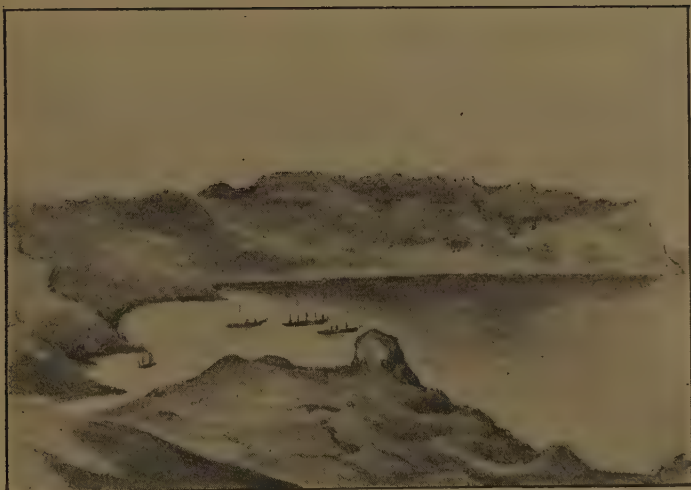
Since I last wrote an expedition has, at last, gone to Kertch, and captured that place without loss. The enemy retired on our approach, but blew up all their magazines, and burned very large stores of corn and flour. We took fifty guns of large calibre and some ships; one steamer made her escape, but some of our men-of-war are in pursuit. The expedition afterwards secured Yenikale, and all the batteries at the entrance of the sea of Azov, so that we now have possession of that sea, which is very important. The Russians appear to have drawn all their

stores by sea from the Don and from Asia, which communication will now be cut off.

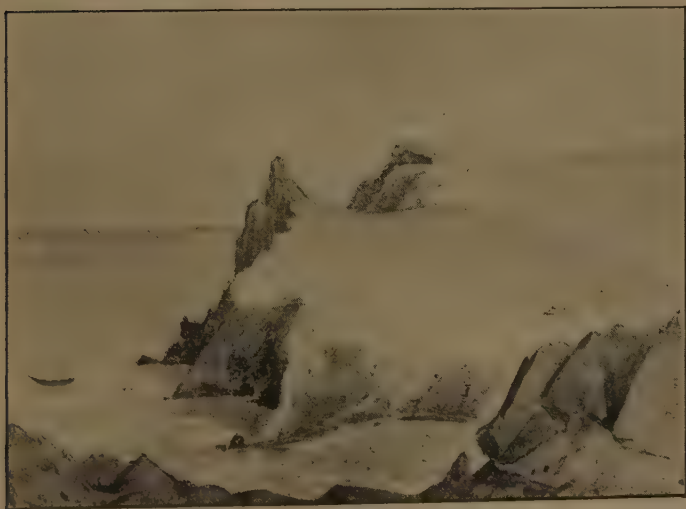
On Wednesday last the French, Sardinians, and Turks advanced in front of Balaklava and took up a new position, thus securing the use of the river Tchernaiia, and taking possession of a beautiful valley covered with rich verdure, and some fine hills covered with wood.

Yesterday afternoon I took a ride to the farthest point of our new limits. It seemed like being let out of a cage, and after our barren heights, everything looked so green and nice—wild flowers abound in great varieties. We had a view down a beautiful valley along which the Woronzoff road runs; the Russians hold one side of it, the Sardinians the other. We came back round the hills through a low brushwood by Balaklava; the horses were so delighted at seeing bushes again, they would hardly go on but kept feeding on them.

My men are very healthy now; cholera seems to have almost disappeared again.



ENTRANCE TO BALAKLAVA HARBOUR



ENTRANCE TO BALAKLAVA HARBOUR

TO HIS SISTER.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,
4th June 1855.

The expedition which we ought to have formed part of is still yachting about. They have taken Genitch, blown up Arabat, captured about 246 small ships, principally laden with corn, and six or seven steamers. What they are going to do next we do not know, but suppose Anapa will be their destination.

The French and Sardinians made a reconnaissance to Baidar yesterday. They say it is a beautiful country; they met with no opposition.

The night before last our Artillery were to throw a great number of carcasses into the town, but they all burst, and fell short amongst our own people in the advanced works. Monday of the 33rd was wounded, one man killed and several wounded; so much for the Ordnance Department and their fine Peninsular stores.

The weather, as you will perceive by Lord Raglan's despatches, is very fine, but hot, especially in the trenches where there is little cover. The men are very healthy up here,

though the cholera still hangs about Balaklava ; I hear poor old Boxer is very ill with it. Bell has been ill for some time, and is now obliged to go home for change of air. I am just going out to parade, so adieu.

TO HIS MOTHER.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,
7th June 1855.

We opened fire again yesterday ; at three o'clock our guns had done good work. We are all now preparing for an advance. I believe the Light Division are to attack this evening ; of course it will be hot work. I feel certain we shall succeed, but many must fall in the struggle ; if I am one of that number, I shall have left this letter to be sent to you. You will like to hear that I received the sacrament on Sunday last ; Dyneley went with me, in place of my poor old friend Campbell.

I have prepared three hospital huts ready for the wounded, and the reading-room, or second mess-room, is to be made an hospital for the officers. All the men are in capital spirits ; delighted at the thoughts of getting to the end

of the hard trench work. Nine months siege work is very wearing.

8th June.—We attacked last night; the French took the Mamelon and two redoubts to the right. They were driven out of the Mamelon again, but ultimately retook and held it. They advanced, contrary to intention, up to the Malakoff Tower, which they could not enter. Their loss has been very great, nearly 3000.

We advanced; took the quarries and parallels in front of our right attack. The Russians fought desperately; drove us out of the work three times. Each time we retook it and ultimately kept it, and worked regular approaches into it. I think it probable we shall advance again to-night, but the Light Division can furnish very few men.

Our loss has been very great: the 77th Regiment alone lost fifteen men killed, and five officers and eighty-three men wounded; the 88th had four officers killed; the 62nd, three officers killed and a great number of men. We were lucky; we have only eight wounded.

My name was down to command the attacking party for four hours, when they found they

had made a mistake in the roster. I did not hear of it till afterwards; I should have liked the command very much, but I daresay it's as well as it is. Campbell,[?] who took it, got safe through his work, with only three slight contusions. We shall soon, I hope, get to an end of our work. The enemy's guns in their batteries are nearly silenced; they still fire from their ships and the mortars.

TO HIS SISTER.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,
11th June 1855.

I have just time to write and tell you that we are getting on very well. We have got our trenches pretty close up to the Redan, and are making two new batteries to-night. I came off duty last night after a very hot twenty-four hours; they shelled us awfully; there were a great many casualties. There was a flag of truce the day before to bury dead. I happened to be down in the advanced trenches at the time, and went out and spoke to the Russian officers. One of them was a very fine fellow, but they seemed much "down in the mouth"; one

of them said he supposed it would soon be over.

Four hundred men made a small sortie on the French the night before last, and were caught in a regular trap. They immediately laid down their arms and said they were heartily tired of the business, and were very glad to come over to us.

Anapa has fallen; the Russians blew it up when they found they could no longer hold it, and bolted. We can't exactly make out where they have gone to, considering we have got all the coast and the sea of Azov; now is the time for the Circassians. I hope very soon we shall have better news, still I do not think the Light or Second Division will storm, as we have done everything between us, as yet; they will probably bring on some other divisions who have had little or nothing to do.

TO HIS MOTHER.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,
15th June 1855.

1st, F. M. Hall Dare is the self-same individual who sold out in a huff at Chester

and joined again as a second-lieutenant when the war broke out—a plucky little fellow.

2nd, Got the lemons ; oh ! they were beautiful. The men liked them very much ; I thanked you for them in a letter long ago.

3rd, Poole is the same boy who joined at Parkhurst.

I will look out for the Duke, though one might live in a vast camp like this for ten years without meeting a friend. We can ride 20 miles through the camp from one end to the other, and about the same distance back by the rear line.

All our people are very sanguine about the siege. I really think another week will bring it to an end, then I think we may talk in a louder voice to the Emperor. I should be delighted to see those Austrians thrown over.

The expedition has returned, having taken a number of forts and an immense quantity of ships and corn, most of which they destroyed. They never fired a shot, that is to say, a musket-shot. Very pleasant yachting for the Highlanders, who have been comfortable at Balaklava all the winter, with nothing to

do, while we were toiling away in the trenches.

I fear there is some chance of our losing Codrington ; we shall miss him much. There is to be a Fifth Division, and they say he is to have it.

Our high authorities seem to have forgotten all about the C.B.s. Every commanding officer who was in action in any way in India immediately got a brevet and a C.B. ; we have got nothing. It is all very well talking about what we shall get, but what did poor Egerton get for his services ? The only people who get any rewards are those who go home to England on sick leave.

TO HIS SISTER.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,
18th June 1855.

We have had a dreadful day. After firing for twelve hours, our Engineers fancied the enemy's guns were silenced ; we were therefore ordered to storm the Redan and Garden Batteries, while the French attacked the Malakoff Tower and batteries on the left. I was at first told off

to command the storming party, consisting of 200 of my own men and 200 of the 34th; but afterwards I was ordered to take command of 800 men of the 7th, 33rd, and my own men, to support the stormers.

At daylight the French signal was given, and they went on; then ours was given. I took out my men at once and advanced across the open. The moment we went out a perfect storm of grape-shot whistled from every side. I had to advance about 800 yards under this fire; my men and officers fell by dozens—Pack was leading the 7th Fusiliers close to me. I soon overtook the storming party, which was halted from the severity of the fire. I then led up all that could follow as far as the abattis, close to the Redan—poor Forman of the Rifle Brigade was lying dead in the branches of the trees—there I found we had not enough men to make a charge with, so I ordered them to lie down and wait for the two other attacking parties, but they were unsuccessful. Nearly all the men round me were killed or wounded; poor old Yea was shot dead as I was going up to speak to him.

At last I was left with about five or six men, and then thought it high time to be off; we were the last to go in. They fired at us all the way back, but I only got one graze of a grape-shot across the knee. I am lying on my bed to prevent inflammation coming on, but expect to be all right to-morrow or next day.

We have lost about forty officers and a great many men—they say 3000, but I think that is an exaggeration. The Russians were perfectly prepared for us; not a gun was silenced; everything had been repaired during the night. Pack, of the 7th, is badly wounded; Browne of the 88th, who was with our regiment for some time after the Alma, has lost his arm; Sir J. Campbell killed.

It is a great check; still, we are now so strong, I think we shall soon move on in some other manner, and we shall win at last. I think we are all wrong sticking to this place; I say, take the open and fight round, Sebastopol then might fall. I hear the French and Sardinians have made a move in our rear.

I don't think they can call upon us again to storm. Some of our regiments have only two

officers left; somebody else must take a turn. The Light Division has certainly done its share. Thank God, I have very few wounded in my own regiment; they were held back by Sir George Brown when he saw the attack must fail.

TO HIS MOTHER.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,
21st June 1855.

I wrote to you, or rather to Cat., a short account of the assault on the Redan; I have nothing to add. Every one acknowledges that the task given us was impossible; we did all we could, and went through as heavy a fire of grape as ever troops went through before. Our loss altogether, including the left attack, is seventeen officers killed, seventy wounded, and 1450 men killed and wounded.

I am nearly all right again, and have got command of the First Brigade, which I brought out of action! Codrington having gone on board ship sick, and poor old Yea having been shot in the attack. This is not a permanent promotion, but of course is a step on, and a claim.

Numbers of friends and acquaintances have been to congratulate me on getting safe through the late affair. All sorts of ridiculous reports had gone abroad concerning me : one said I had lost my leg, another my arms, another my head, another man declared he last saw me *in* the Redan.

What a fortunate chance it was that my poor fellows were prevented from going forward ; they would have been awfully cut up, and in all probability I should not be where I am ; for, if I could have collected enough men under the abattis, I should have attempted a charge across the ditch, which must have failed.

I do not think we shall be called upon to storm again in the same manner at any rate ; one attacking party is enough for one man. Should it fall to my lot again, I trust the same Providence that has now saved me will again carry me safe through the danger. They have given me a new name in camp, instead of Dan Lysons I am now called Redan Lysons.

I have written to ask Sam to try to do something if he can for my quartermaster's son, to

get him into some foundation school or college ; I know it is very difficult. The father will give £50 a year as an allowance ; this is a good deal for a man who has risen from the ranks. He is a clever, well-conducted lad, about thirteen years old.

TO HIS SISTER.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,
29th June 1855.

We have this morning heard of the death of poor Lord Raglan ; he died last night of diarrhœa, aggravated most probably by anxiety of mind and disappointment. Poor General Estcourt died a few days ago. General Brown has gone on board ship very ill, he was to have gone home. I do not know whether he will now change his mind and endeavour to remain ; in the meantime, General Simpson is in command of the army.

I am still in command of the First Brigade, and it is very possible that I shall retain it ; this will be a great step for me. I begin to have visions of a K.C.B. Perhaps Sir Daniel Lysons will be more acceptable in a certain old lady's eyes than plain Major ; but

we must not calculate on anything here, our lives are very uncertain.

We have had very changeable weather lately; more or less rain every day, which has produced some cholera, and a great deal of diarrhœa.

The French are working away on our right, and we are making new batteries. I suppose we shall get this place somehow or other, I hope before the winter, but we have lost much time. It is very singular that Lord Raglan never mentioned our taking the quarries and Russian parallels in our front in his telegraphic despatch. General Pélissier mentions it in his. If he had not done so, our loss of 400 men would not have been accounted for.

I have no news. Hall Dare, after having been allowed to live all the winter and spring comfortably in a house at Balaklava as an indulgence, is now trying to get a medical board to send him home. I have got such a set of children out here, they know positively nothing; and still we are expected to keep up the name of the old regiment. I only hope we may.

TO HIS MOTHER.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,
3rd July 1855.

Pray thank Cat. for her letter; it would indeed be a pleasant change to ramble in such a quiet spot as she describes, after having been within sound of continued firing of cannon for upwards of nine consecutive months; however, we must not think of this.

There is still much hard work to be done here, and I do not quite see my way through it at present. The Russians have received a reinforcement, we hear, of some 20,000 men. I do not think that will do us much harm; we must still be very much stronger than they are.

The French have made some important batteries lately; we are also at work. We can't go very much closer now without going in; but it is this last 100 yards (for we are in many places as close as that) which is the difficulty. Moreover, they have retrenchments behind the batteries of the front line, so that if we get into the first, there is still another to

take, and the shipping to pound at us into the bargain. I certainly hope we shall do our work before the winter; it will be no joke holding our trenches so close to the enemy in the snow and rain.

Poor old Lord Raglan is very much regretted. Whatever people may think of him as a General, everybody respected him and loved him as an individual. His funeral was very splendid, I hear; I was left in command of the division during the procession, so I could not move. Herbert, Drewe, Vane, and Radcliffe, with fifty old soldiers, represented the Royal Welch; an equal number went from every regiment to line the road from our headquarters to the French, and the French lined the road from their headquarters to the sea.

General Simpson is a good man, a long-headed Scotchman. He was president of my court-martial at Weedon; but I should doubt his having dash enough, or genius enough, to conceive and carry out a grand scheme; however we shall see.

My knee is nearly well; I do any duty

now that does not require me to walk much. I have lost my brigade again. They thought there were too many old full colonels out here to allow a lieutenant-colonel to keep a brigade; so they have given it to Colonel Straubenzee, who had just lost a brigade. If I live, I will have it again before the war is over. All the commanding officers have been kind enough to say they are very sorry I have not retained it.

A new warrant has just come out by which mothers or sisters of officers killed in action are entitled to an allowance of £80, so, if anything happens to me, mind you get it.

TO HIS MOTHER.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,
16th July 1855.

I am thankful to say that my wound is not as bad as the reports have made it out to be. I am quite well again, and have taken my duty in the trenches. My knee was a little stiff at first, but is getting strength every day.

I think matters look better here now. We have worked forward since the 18th, and are

making some very fine batteries. I begin to hope we shall take the south side before the winter, if our Engineers do not make any very great blunders. We are receiving reinforcements, and, on the whole, the men are healthy. My officers are the worst at present: young Mostyn is very ill with fever; Aston has been ill for some time; Blane, a very nice young fellow, and Bigge have been obliged to go away, sick, for change of air; Somerville, Prevost, Millett, and Hall Dare are all sick. There are occasional cases of cholera; but they do not come often, and generally of a mild form.

I received a very nice letter from Sam, and another from Monsieur Frossard last mail. My drum-major has come for my letter, so good-bye.

TO HIS MOTHER.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,
25th July 1855.

I have nothing to say except that it is very hot. We are apparently sticking again; I do not understand the plans at all. I am building strong cook-houses, and collecting wood against the winter. We are short of water at present,

and have a long way to send for it. We are working in our trenches still, but not advancing at present. The enemy fire a great deal at night.

General Markham, whom I helped to carry when he was shot through the neck and leg at St. Denis during the Canadian rebellion, has arrived here from India, and taken command of the Second Division.

We hear that the C.B.s are coming out by degrees, but they are very slow. We have heard of them for three weeks, and they have not arrived; no one seems to care the least about them now. They tell me I am in the list, but I would much rather get my Colonelcy, which would be of much more use just at present.

Mostyn is still very ill, so are Hackett and Lawrence. My men, in general, are healthy, and my number increasing; I can turn out over 500 duty men and am expecting still another draft. With so many recruits it is difficult to get the regiment into anything like order. It is more like a newly-raised Militia regiment, officered from the higher classes in a public school; such perfect children, and so

supremely ignorant of everything connected with their duty. However, they are very nice boys, and we do go staggering on.

I have received a very nice letter from Parlby and Mrs. Parlby. It has been looking gloomy all the morning and is just beginning to rain, which will be a very great blessing; the scarcity of water was becoming serious.

TO HIS MOTHER.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,
3rd August 1855.

We are going on much as usual, and know nothing of the plans; we lose a great many men in the trenches every day. Lately we have had a good deal of rain, which was much wanted, though not pleasant in those ditches.

You will see that I have got my C.B., and in the *Gazette* that arrived yesterday my name appears as a full Colonel "for distinguished service in the field." This is a great thing for me, it is a step towards a brigade. Straubenzee is going to leave for a short time; I take command during his absence. There is a very old

Colonel in the 34th Regiment who talks of coming out ; he is senior to me, but has never been able to come out yet. People have been very kind and complimentary to me.

My old friend Markham has arrived and taken command of the Second Division. He looks a good bit older, otherwise much as he was ; he is a very good officer. Herbert has got his Lieutenant-Colonelcy by brevet, which I am very glad of ; he is a capital, hard-working fellow.

I have not heard from old Bradford for ages. I wrote three times from Turkey and the Crimea ; I fear he never got my letters.

Mrs. Parlbby sent me out a box of raspberry vinegar, chocolate, etc., by an opportunity lately, with a very kind letter. Mr. Soltau also wrote me a long letter, and Mrs. Praed. I have just received a new canteen from my tin-man at Portsmouth made to my own pattern, it is very perfect ; also a supply of new boots.

With regard to Cat.'s remarks about age and appearance, I find a good many more gray hairs now, and my face is of a fine mahogany colour, beard exactly four inches and a half long,

moustache large, rather lighter coloured than beard, hair very short.

TO HIS MOTHER.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,
11th August 1855.

The Monmouthshire boys went down to Balaklava with Captain Poole. We lent them a horse and cart, and they bought some tobacco, three barrels of beer, and some cheese to eat in the trenches. I have still got a little money left for them.

I received my order of C.B. yesterday ; it is very handsome, and the ribbon is very pretty. There are two or three documents with it which I have not had time to read yet. I have had a little hint that I am to be a Brigadier before long ; but don't say a word of this, as it was told me quite in private. My greatest pleasure in gaining my honours is the thought that it will please you and Cat. so much. People all about the camp are wonderfully civil to me now.

I have no news. I have completed my model kitchen ; it is much admired. I am now building an oven to bake for the whole regiment. I

could get no bricks, so I have found some clay and established a brickyard, and at this moment I have two soldiers making bricks as fast as they can.

Bruce arrived last night with six subalterns and 127 men; Marmy Hall Dare was with him. All the old hands dined together, and our band played as well as the few remaining men could play. Our glee-singers also came in force and serenaded us. I have just now come in from an early drill, and am sitting in a new marquee I have lately got; it is very cool compared with those bell-tents.

A few days ago I was riding with Herbert along the front of our camp, when up jumped a hare—away went Herbert, and away went I. We had not gone far when we saw a very smart-looking French officer with a beautiful dog; we gave him—the dog—a shout and off he went after the hare, leaving his master with his mouth open in utter astonishment. We crossed the ravine at the head of the camp, and galloped away towards the Second Division in hot pursuit. Unfortunately the men saw the hare coming, and ran out to

head him. We shouted to them and got the hare safe away through the crowd, but our fine dog took fright, and turned back. Still on went Herbert, on went I,—we had a splendid run down the Inkermann heights. At last the hare lay down, Herbert jumped off his horse and picked him up. Next day we gave a dinner-party, and had splendid hare soup.

I have seen *The Times*, the *Morning Post*, and *Daily News*. The *Monmouthshire Merlin* also gave me a puff.

TO HIS MOTHER.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,
17th August 1855.

Four days' warning was given that the Russians intended to attack us in force. We were, accordingly, ordered to turn out at two o'clock in the morning to receive them. I took out my brigade, and very well they looked—the 7th, 23rd, 33rd, 34th, and 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade. The whole of the armies were under arms. Nothing, however, happened till yesterday, when about 60,000 men appeared in the

valley of the Tchernaya and attacked the French, Sardinians, and the Turks. The French gave them a very considerable thrashing, and drove them back. The Sardinians behaved very well, I hear, and the Turks also.

This morning we have opened fire again on the town, I do not think with any immediate intention of attacking, but only to cover fresh siege operations.

Straubenzee comes back on the 20th, I shall then lose my brigade again, though I hope not for long. Bruce has arrived much better, but not fit for work. General Barnard has given him the appointment of Commandant of the Monastery Hospital, which will suit him very well for a time. Little Hall Dare is looking very well, he desires to be remembered to you. Bunbury has also arrived, looking very fresh, with his ribbons on. The medal here is considered as the mark of a man having been in England away from his duty; no one likes to wear it.

John Carnegie is with me to-day; I see James has got his title, Earl of Southesk. I had a letter from Sam yesterday, who has

kindly got our quartermaster's son into a foundation school, a very good one, I believe.

TO HIS SISTER.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,
27th August 1855.

I have no news to tell you, except that there was a grand investment of the "Bath" yesterday. Lord Stratford came on purpose. It was a very pretty sight. A large square in front of our headquarters was lined with Infantry from each regiment, all with their Queen's colours; behind them was a line of Lancers. At the entrance of the house there was erected a booth, with a throne in the centre, and a long carpet leading up to it; the booth was made of flags. All the French Generals and Sardinians were present.

After all the people were assembled, his lordship took his place on the throne, and the officers to be invested with the G.C.B.s and K.C.B.s were brought round by the carpet up to him between the C.B.s, and the guards of honour formed at each end of the booth. He first read an address; Sir Colin

Campbell and Sir Edmond Lyons answered. Then the warrants were read, after which the knights were dubbed, their ribbons being put on, their stars given them, and the sword laid on their shoulders ; during which all the troops presented arms, the bands played "God save the Queen," and two batteries of field-guns fired a royal salute. This being over, all the party adjourned to drink champagne and eat luncheon.

The Russians have finished their bridge across the harbour, and are making wonderful preparations on the north side. We have been turned out at two in the morning several times expecting an attack. We are working on again, and losing a good many men. The last day I was on duty we lost sixty-three killed and wounded. I have given up my brigade again to Straubenzee. The weather is still hot. Herbert is going away on sick leave ; Bunbury is going on very well at present.

TO HIS SISTER.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,

7th September 1855.

Many thanks for your most interesting mountainous letter of 18th ultimo. I followed it all through, and felt quite tired at the end of the journey. What glorious fun it must have been, only I should have slept out; you might have camped, and lighted a fire.

We have become extremely noisy again, the French on the left especially; they have been battering for three days most perseveringly. We fire, but not as fast as they do. I think we must do something soon. We have been pushing forward a sap that has cost us a great many men. Our weather is still fine, but the nights are cold. To-day the wind is very high, and the dust covers everything.

I am at work making my second cook-house for the right wing of the regiment; that of the left is in full play. I had finished my oven and bakehouse, but while I was baking the bricks before trying bread, a man jumped off the top of the house on the oven,

and the jar split all the bricks off, just as far as they were baked. I am now beginning it over again ; the bakehouse is, of course, as it was.

I have heard nothing more of my brigade. Herbert is still away on sick leave. Old Bunbury here working very well ; I had hard work to get him out.

8th.—We are going to do something to-day, but our brigade is not to be in front this time ; we certainly have always had the brunt of it. Charles Beck is here ; and a very nice young fellow he appears. I have no time to write more. All our batteries are thundering away, from right to left—a tremendous din.

TO HIS MOTHER.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,
10th September 1855.

We have had another desperate attack on the Redan, and still, I regret to say, without success. We were placed in reserve, and congratulated ourselves on being pretty safe ; we were, however, called upon to go to the front.

I got five companies and a half up and formed them in the advanced trench. Codrington then told me to attempt an attack on the proper right flank. I led my men forward in line ; they advanced beautifully, all the young officers in front, Charles Beck amongst them. We found the fire of grape from the Garden and Barrack Batteries and the batteries on the opposite side of the ravine on our left tremendous. There were also three guns firing into our teeth, and as soon as we had passed the salient angle of the Redan, where Windham was, the Russians manned the parapet and fired down upon our right shoulders.

Close to the ditch, near the re-entering angle, I got knocked over by a ball in my thigh. Drewe was close to me, Beck near us ; but when I looked round for men, very few were remaining untouched. I got into a hole with other wounded men, and managed later to get back to the salient angle. Windham was no longer there ; I attempted to form the men, but found it impossible, so I hobbled across the open through a heavy fire to our trenches, and gradually got home without

help. When I approached our camp, my faithful groom, Styles, was the first to see me. He ran out and seized me in his arms, and hugged me like a child, crying out, "They told me you were killed." I looked into the hospital, and was then put to bed in my tent.

When the remnant of my poor regiment came home, poor Beck was missing. Early next morning he was brought in badly wounded in four or five places. The Russians had dragged him into the Redan, where he had remained till found after they abandoned it. When he came in he was very cold, and it was some time before he was got round again. He is now doing very well, and is very cheery and happy; the doctors do not consider him in any danger.

Poor Dyneley has died of his wounds; Somerville was killed; a young officer, W. Holden, has died also; Captain Poole is not expected to live; Captain Vane is badly wounded; also Millett, Tupper (a son of a friend of Sam's), O'Connor, Williamson, Prevost, Radcliffe, and two others slightly—four-

teen altogether, and about 200 sergeants and men—an awful list.

The French succeeded in taking the Malakoff; and during the following night the Russians evacuated the whole of the south side, set it on fire and blew up their magazines. Ever since, explosions have been taking place every hour as the fire spreads to the different mines.

I have written to Beck's father, and have many more letters to write, so you must excuse further descriptions. It is hard work writing when lying on one's back; to-day I am much more easy. Yesterday evening I suffered great pain; the surgeon could not find the ball, so it must stay where it is till it takes it into its head to make its appearance again. I hope to be at work again in about a month.

TO HIS MOTHER.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,
14th September 1855.

I have been writing so much to-day on business that I have little time left for you and Cat.; enough, however, to tell you that I am going on remarkably well. I have had

no fever, and suffer very little pain. Of course I can't move yet; the ball has not been found, so it must stay. Lying on my back does not suit me, still I have lots to do. I wrote to Beck again to-day; Charles is going on very well, and suffers very little pain now. He is to go home as soon as he can be moved. Poor Poole, I fear, will never regain the use of his limbs; he may linger for several years, but it will be a miserable existence. Vane, Tupper, and Millett are doing well. Marmy Hall Dare is also going on well, but it is likely to affect his mind; the skull is fractured, still he may recover perfectly.

It is not decided what we are to do yet if the army takes the field. I shall not like to be left behind, but cannot move at present. All the regiments are ordered to get ready in case they are wanted.

The silence seems so odd now. Instead of the constant rattle of musketry and roar of cannon, everything is quite quiet, except an occasional boom of a gun from the north side to remind us they are still there. I doubt if they will stay the winter.

TO HIS SISTER.

(On the broad of his back.)

BEHIND SEBASTOPOL, 17th September 1855.

I am doing very well ; my wound is healing as fast as can be expected. The ball has not made its appearance yet, nor do I suppose it will until I begin to move about. I wish to be out as soon as possible, in case of a vacancy in the Brigadiers ; if I can get that step I shall be all right. At all events, they will give me compensation for my wound, which will give me a good credit at Cox's in case I want another horse.

Poor Beck is not so well to-day, his symptoms are bad, he has had a great deal of fever since yesterday. I have had him moved into another house to be more quiet. I have written a note to his father about him. My other sick men are all doing very well, except poor Poole, who, I fear, is in a hopeless state. Drewe's wound, though slight, is troublesome ; his blood is not in a good state.

General Codrington has mentioned our regiment favourably in his despatches. We

have just received a draft of sixty men; Granville has come out again, but we want more to make up our numbers.

The weather is changeable, and the nights and some of the days are cold; but the fine days are beautiful. If this year is like the last, we shall have splendid weather for a month to come.

I still live in the same hole in the ground that has held me ever since this time last year. I have added to my furniture a Russian table, which I bought of a French soldier for four shillings the day before yesterday. My old bed is still doing duty, and is very comfortable; the sacking breaks down now and then. When you write, tell the Tryes that I have slept in their blankets all the summer, and am in them at this moment—the only bedclothes I use. They are folded in four, and I lie between the folds. At the present minute old Styles is building up the sides of my fireplace to make the fire draw better.

The French army has moved down across the plain in great force; I hear our First, Third, Fourth, and Highland Divisions are to

take the field; of course we know nothing certain. We are hardly fit to move at present.

TO HIS MOTHER.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,
21st September 1855.

I am still going on wonderfully well; my wound has filled up, and is healing as fast as it can. The ball remains in; I have felt nothing of it yet. Poor Beck has been very ill indeed since I wrote last; for two days he was delirious and not expected to live. Yesterday morning, however, he improved, and the fever left him; but towards midday secondary hemorrhage broke out from the wound in his thigh, which pulled him down very much. This morning he has a pretty good pulse, and my surgeon gives me hopes of him; he is now quite conscious. I have written and telegraphed to Adams Beck.

John Carnegie was with me yesterday and slept in my tent, intending to go round Sebastopol this morning. At breakfast time, however, he received a telegraphic despatch ordering him on board, as the Fleet was going to sail; where no one knows, but it sounds like

work. I do not think we are to move this year; we are ordered to make ourselves comfortable.

My works are going on; I am obliged to hold levees of workmen in my tent, and give my instructions by drawings. I have baked a stack of bricks, and got some out of Sebastopol; I intend to build myself a house next.

John had hardly left me, when I got a letter from Charles Carnegie telling me he was about to sell out and take to farming. He tells me poor Southesk is not well. We have had very cold, rainy weather lately.

I forgot to tell you that some time ago we had a great bit of fun. When riding home I saw a great commotion going on in our camp; numbers of men running backwards and forwards in front of our lines, those running in appeared to have some extraordinary large head-dress. On approaching nearer, I saw they all had sheep slung across the backs of their necks. I was told a flock had broken away from Sebastopol, and strayed up on our heights. Knives were at once in requisition, and the

unfortunate animals were converted into mutton in a wonderfully short space of time ; but none too soon, for a frantic commissariat officer soon made his appearance, and claimed them as having broken out of his enclosure. Nevertheless our men kept a lot of them, and had a splendid blow out.

TO HIS MOTHER.

CAMP, SEBASTOPOL, 28th September 1855.

I am still lying in bed, but my wound has nearly healed, in spite of the ball which has not yet shown itself. To-day I went out on crutches to see our wounded officers off. Beck, who is much better, and Vane, I sent down upon stretchers, each with sixteen men to carry them, to Balaklava ; Tupper, Millett, and O'Connor went in litters on mules, the first in great pain, poor fellow. I hope they will all get home safe ; they go in the steamer *James Low*. Poor Poole died a few days ago.

There is nothing going on at present. We have been collecting all sorts of things from Sebastopol—wood, English fire-bricks, windows,

etc. The Russians fire at us occasionally. The Fleet went out and steamed as far as Eupatoria, then came back again. It is a great pity, in my opinion, not to strike another blow this autumn. We hear rumours about some success at Cronstadt, but I do not believe it.

The last two or three days have been very fine, but cold at night. Altogether the season is nothing like so fine as it was last autumn ; perhaps the winter will be less severe.

The post has just come in. Amongst my letters I find the usual prompt and kind wishes from " Lady Mary " ! She certainly beats all my friends in promptitude. Hers is the only letter inquiring about myself and my wound. Mrs. Barwick Baker writes to beg me to get her husband's nephew, young Browne, into the 23rd ; but she evidently had not heard of the news about Sebastopol when she wrote.

TO HIS SISTER.

CAMP, SEBASTOPOL, *6th October 1855.*

Very many thanks for your kindest of letters and offers with regard to myself, but I really am

doing very well; my wound is nearly healed. I have been moving about for some days on crutches; yesterday I only used a stick. I have taken command of my regiment again. I suppose the ball will give me some trouble by and by, but in the meantime I might as well use my leg. It would not do for me to leave the army now; this is my last chance of a brigade.

I am much amused at your thinking Styles, holding my horse in the photograph, so like. It is Drewe, in his shirt-sleeves, with a pipe in his mouth!

I have just received a note from Constantinople announcing the death of poor Charles Beck. Poor boy, he had so much improved that he was considered quite out of danger and was on his way home, as you know; secondary hemorrhage broke out, and he sank. His body was landed, and buried at Scutari. He was such a nice boy, and an excellent young officer; I looked forward to have him as my A.D.C. I have written to Ralph Price asking him to break the intelligence to Adams Beck.

We are hard at work making roads, etc., preparing for the winter. I wish we had done a little more work in the field. The French have, I hear, got round to Belbec, thus turning the left of the Russian position. It is said twelve battalions of the enemy bolted on the approach of three French regiments.

We have sent an expedition to attack some forts on the entrance of the river, forming the harbour of Nicholaif, where the Russians are building a number of large ships. We have also a large force at Eupatoria, which has taken some guns and a large convoy of stores, etc. We may do something yet. Our weather continues fine.

Herbert has got his substantive rank, which takes him out of the regiment ; but I am in hopes he will be able to tempt Bunbury to exchange with him. Bruce has got the majority. Styles is quite well.

TO HIS MOTHER.

CAMP, SEBASTOPOL, 15th October 1855.

I hope by this time you will have arrived safe in England. I should like much to run home to see you, but it will not do for me to leave my post at present. I know that there are several men of interest working heaven and earth to get brigades before me.

We are all much disgusted at the erroneous report given by *The Times'* correspondent of the attack on the Redan. It has evidently been dictated by some one who knew nothing of what was going on on our side of the field. He puts my regiment in a place and under circumstances that they had nothing to do with. We attacked by ourselves, over ground no one else ever attempted to approach, and, so far from our men being separated from their officers, they fought, fell, and died together. 197 men out of about 300 fell, killed or wounded! and fourteen out of sixteen officers were hit!—four of whom are dead, six have been obliged to go home to England,

four are still here to do duty. We were never near the 88th Regiment.

23RD ROYAL WELCH FUSILIERS.

LIST OF OFFICERS KILLED AND WOUNDED ON THE 8TH OF SEPTEMBER 1855.

Killed—Lieut. R. H. Somerville.

Wounded—Colonel D. Lysons, C.B., Capts. F. E. Drewe, W. H. Poole (died), F. F. Vane, Lieut. and Adjutant D. Dyneley (died), Lieut. L. O'Connor, Lieut. G. P. Prevost, Lieut. S. C. Millett, Lieut. C. Beck (died), Lieut. F. M. Hall Dare, Lieut. T. D. Vic. Tupper, Lieut. E. S. Holden, Lieut. J. Williamson, Lieut. Bigge.

Return of Killed, Wounded, and Missing during September 1855. 197 of these N.C.O.s and men at the Redan on the 8th of September :—

	Colonel.	Captains.	Lieutenants.	Staff.	Staff-Sergeants.	Sergeants.	Drummers.	Corporals.	Privates.	Total.
Killed . . .	...	...	1	...	...	4	...	2	35	42
Wounded . . .	1	3	9	1	1	10	3	5	124	157
Missing . . .	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	23	23
Total . . .	1	3	10	1	1	14	3	7	182	222

TO HIS SISTER.

CAMP, SEBASTOPOL, *27th October 1855.*

I received your sad letter last night ; while so much sorrow and sickness visit you in the quiet and apparently comfortable life in England, amidst every danger I have prospered.

In general orders the day before yesterday appeared :—

“ HEADQUARTERS, SEBASTOPOL, *25th October 1855.*—No. 5. Leave of absence is granted on urgent private affairs to Brigadier - General Shirley, C.B., to the 31st January 1856.

“ No. 6. Colonel Lysons, C.B., will take command of the Second Brigade, Light Division, during the absence of Brigadier - General Shirley, C.B.”

This is only a temporary arrangement, and I am told that, if the vacancy becomes permanent, I must not make my temporary command a claim. Still I am almost certain Shirley will never come back ; and by January things may change. At all events, it is getting the point of the wedge in ; and whether I make it a claim or

not, it is a fact that in itself will be one. I am now the only commanding officer in the Light Division, who has been with his regiment the whole time through the war, and very nearly the only officer on our usual half-past five o'clock parade.

I took command of my brigade this morning. I have got on wonderfully with my work in camp ; I will give you a description of it next mail. I have a great deal to do giving over my good old regiment ; I don't like leaving them, still one must go on.

TO HIS MOTHER.

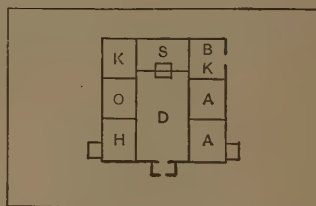
CAMP, SEBASTOPOL, *7th November 1855.*

You will have seen by my letters that my leg has healed ; for the last few days, however, it has been very painful, either from the change of weather, or perhaps from overwork. The War Department have given me £75 : 11 : 6 compensation for it ; people think it very little. If I had done as the doctors desired me to do, go to England for four months, I should have

got about £200. However, if the ball gets troublesome, I shall ask for a pension.

I have moved across the little ravine, and am living in a marquee with my own brigade. Shirley left me nothing, so I have to commence a little colony for myself; it is rather late to begin now. I am promised a wooden hut, and I propose to build on each side of it in stone. On one side my brigade-major will live, have his office and kitchen

(KOH); on the other my A.D.C., Duff, will live (A); my own kitchen will be at the back of his house (BK),



my sitting and bedrooms (S), dining-room (D), the whole enclosed by a wall.

I certainly did give you an additional account of the 8th in one of my letters; if not, as soon as my hut is built and stable finished, I will; at any rate don't believe *The Times*.

I have been paid two very high compliments lately. When Duff was at Odessa (a prisoner) a staff-officer asked him what regiment he belonged to; Duff told him the 23rd Fusi-

liers. "Oh!" said the staff-officer, "Colonel Lysons' regiment; we know him well, and want to get hold of him."

It is well known that we are to have a new Commander-in-Chief, but no one knows who. Sir W. Eyre, Codrington, Markham, General Knollys are mentioned, and, amongst others, your humble servant was in the betting, with only six to four against him. Such an event is totally and entirely improbable, but the very idea of its possibility is a compliment. I think it very probable that I shall get a permanent brigade; but beyond that I do not expect to get, at any rate at present.

While waiting for my house, I have nearly completed my stable for six horses. It is made on the slope of the hill, partly dug out, partly built of stone, with a wooden roof from Sebastopol. Bob highly approves of it, and is looking very well. Styles has a room at the end of it for himself and saddles. I began it for the whole of the regiment, each officer to get his own material. Styles and I made our own by ourselves, with the occasional assistance of a man or two; it was too late in the season to

commence a new one by my house. As it is, it is only 300 yards from me, just opposite.

I really wish I was farther from the old regiment, for I cannot bear to see the work at a standstill and neglected, and I feel I only do harm by interfering. The sanitary commissioners were here yesterday, and saw all my commenced works, and heard my plans,



and pronounced them to be "A1," which is so far satisfactory.

9th November.—We have just heard that Codrington is to be Commander-in-Chief; Lord William Paulet, I believe, is to command our division. I like both the appointments. The consequent changes will, I think, serve me in my brigade; but I must not leave my post, however much I should like to run over and see you

and Cat., and get a little rest and relaxation. The weather continues beautiful ; the nights are cold but fine. Our roads are nearly finished. My fortunes have somewhat improved, and, if I live to return, in all probability I shall get a small title with a K. added to my C.B.—that will be worth something.

I received no books from Hatch. I want an Italian grammar, a German grammar and dictionary. I must work hard, as a German corps is, I believe, coming to my brigade.

TO HIS SISTER.

CAMP, SEBASTOPOL.

Answers by return of post.

I have read *My Novel*. I have not read *Vanity Fair*, *The Newcomes*, or *The Lamp-lighter*, and only part of *Pendennis*. Should like them much.

A pair of slippers would be very nice. Mr. Sheppard, High Street, Portsmouth, makes for me now ; the tradesmen there forward things quicker than any one else. I am well provided with warm clothing. I should like a supply of

writing-paper (large note) and envelopes, I use such a quantity ; I like large ones.

I am expecting to hear from you every hour ; the mail is late. My wound healed in twenty-four days, though the doctors said I should be obliged to go to England for four months, and insisted on putting me in orders for two months' leave of absence to the Castle Hospital, which I never took advantage of. I think I told you this before, and thought I had written you a long account of the Redan day ; however, I will repeat the dose.

We were in reserve that day, and marched down at about half-past ten to the trenches, and took up our position in the demi-parallel in rear of Egerton's rifle-pits. The signal for the attack on the Malakoff was given, and we saw the French columns swarm into the Russian work without opposition. Our signal was then given, and our attacking parties went out, but the fire was so heavy and smoke so thick that we could see little of what was going on in front.

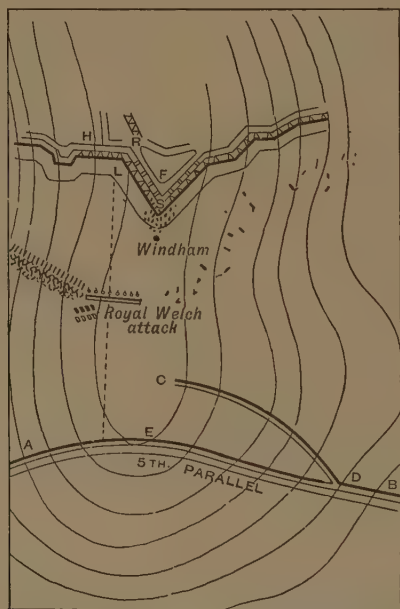
I observed to Straubenzee that the advanced trenches were not being filled up as fast as

they ought to be, and by his directions went on to the fifth parallel. On my way I passed several parts of regiments belonging to the attacking brigades that ought to have gone on before me. When I got to the front trench, General Codrington asked me to try to get in at the flank of the Redan with a wing of my regiment. I formed up five companies in line (AE) in the fifth parallel as thick together as I could get them ; we put the boards to rights which the men had to step over by. I cautioned the men to be ready, then gave the word, "Line will advance," "Quick march." Over they all came, the young, smooth-faced boys of officers in front waving their swords—it was a fine sight.

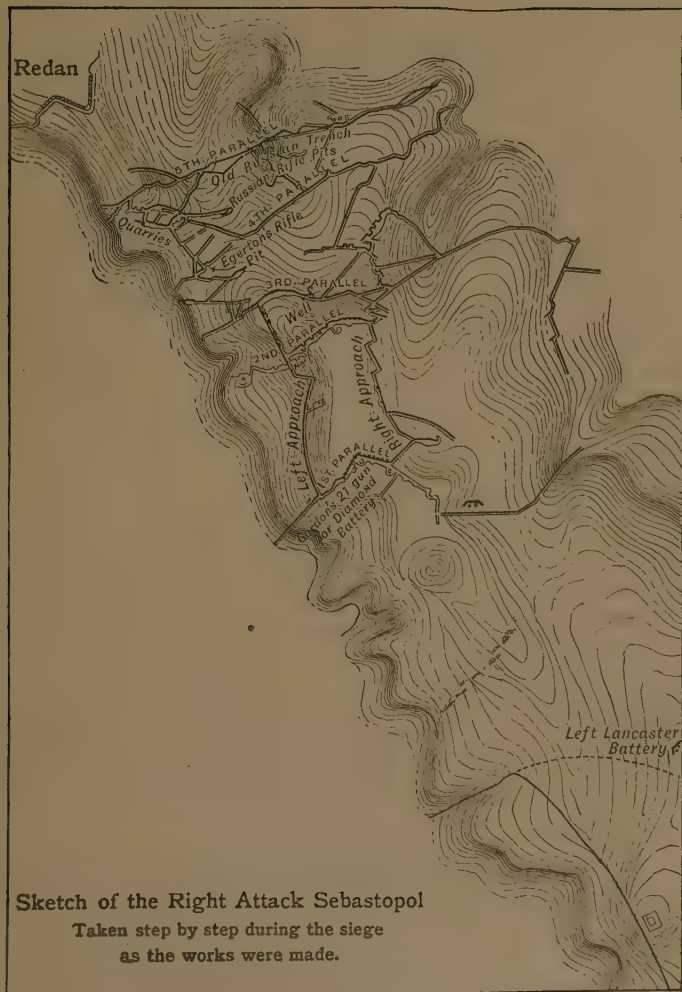
The moment we appeared, the batteries on our left across the ravine opened on us with round shot, the flank guns of the barrack battery with large grape, and the guns on the flank of the Redan (RH) with small grape ; the Russians stood upon the parapet of the flank and fired down at us with their muskets.

As soon as we had passed the attacking

parties, who were still hanging on the salient angle (S) like bees (I saw Windham there then), we were exposed to the enemy's fire from the long face (RF) close over our



shoulders. I got within three yards of the edge of the ditch at the re-entering angle, and was then knocked over (L). When I looked round Dyneley and Drewe were close to me and about two dozen men; all the ground we had



Sketch of the Right Attack Sebastopol
 Taken step by step during the siege
 as the works were made.

Walker & Boutall sc

passed over (A E to L) was covered with dead and wounded.

I sat down in a large hole made by one of our shells, and tied a bandage round my thigh to stop the blood. After telling Drewe what I wished him to do, I crawled back to the salient angle; they fired at me all the way, but only shot through the skirt of my coat. When I got there I found Windham had gone back to the trenches, so I ordered an officer of the Second Division, whose name I have never heard, to collect some men of his own regiment and take them towards Drewe's party and reinforce them. He did so; but the fire was too heavy there for men to live. Drewe crossed the ditch, and some of our men climbed up the parapet, but were killed. When the attacking parties retreated, Drewe and our men were left out and very nearly cut off, not knowing they were alone.

I can never believe that Pélissier expected or intended us to take the Redan. He did not say so, fearing we should not make a sufficiently obstinate attack if we knew it was only a feint, and he required the strength of

the enemy to be kept from him for some time till he was secure in the Malakoff.

Look at the difference of the two attacks. The French had prepared their trenches to hold large columns—the advanced trench was only 25 yards from the enemy's ditch! They had a bridge prepared to run across the ditch; they surprised, and were safe into, the place without loss before the Russians knew anything about it. We had our nearest sap (CD), an unfinished trench, which only held the ladder party, 225 yards from the salient angle of the Redan! The nearest point of the fifth parallel, where the attacking parties were placed, was 285 yards. All the ground over which we had to pass was raked by half a dozen batteries. We had to wait till the Malakoff was taken; consequently the Russians were perfectly prepared for us with every gun laid.

By way of making it easier, the engineers provided ladders so heavy that the men could hardly carry them, six to each ladder. Even in the part of the fifth parallel from which we went, we could only form about five or six companies to go out at a time, then file up

others into the same place to form and follow. This is such a long proceeding, it could never succeed.

You will see the accounts of the explosion of the 15th inst. ; it took place in the French Siege Park, close to our camp. I was sitting with Bruce, writing letters, at the time it took place. It seemed as if the hut had been taken up and thrown down with great violence ; several of the rafters were split, and all the things on the shelves were thrown into the centre of the room. When we ran out, the whole sky was full of shell bursting in every direction. Bruce's horse was saddled, and being led up and down in front of the mess-hut ; a shell cut him nearly in half. We had two men killed and six wounded in the Royal Welch Fusiliers, and three killed and eighteen wounded in my brigade. The total loss of the English was 141 killed and wounded. Nearly all our wooden huts were broken to pieces. Our hospital was crammed with French and English artillerymen, their hospitals having been completely destroyed—some most awful wounds.

The weather is getting cold ; we have had a

little snow, and I have not got a hut. I have written to you since the blow-up, but send you a second account, in case you do not get my first letter. A sentry of the Royal Welch was knocked down by a piece of a shell; he got up, picked up his firelock, and, though badly wounded, remained on his post until he was relieved.

TO HIS MOTHER.

CAMP, SEBASTOPOL, 19th December 1855.

I have been very busy this last week, inspecting my regiments and getting up ball practice; in the latter I have succeeded in going ahead of all the brigades in the army. I have still two more regiments to see, the 90th, Parnell's regiment, a remarkably nice Light Infantry corps it is, and the 97th; I shall finish them, I hope, this week. It is hardish work; takes from ten o'clock in the morning to two or three in the afternoon, after which I have to go to my practice ground. Moreover, my house is not yet finished. The kitchen is pretty well ready; all the things—hot plate, oven, and boiler!—

draw beautifully. I envy my servants, they are as warm as possible. My own fireplace is not yet finished, and the wind comes through my house in every direction.

For the last week the frost has been so severe, that all our building has been stopped. This morning the thermometer was down to four below zero ; everything was frozen. My ink was so hard that I had to sign all my returns, etc., in pencil. I have now got my ink on a small charcoal stove (mulled ink), it boiled over just now ; still it freezes as I write.

21st.—It is warmer ; fireplace nearly finished ; house whitewashed inside, and some old tent-canvas nailed over one end. I have inspected the 90th to-day ; they are in capital order, and move beautifully. To-morrow I see the last of my corps, the 97th.

Yesterday I took the whole brigade out for a march, which seems to have roused up all hands, for this morning, several other brigadiers, both French and English, followed my example. In the meanwhile the papers are talking of peace ; I don't believe in it.

If you will send me two or three pieces of court-plaster in a letter, it will be very useful, for I cut my fingers and thumbs every now and then, carpentering and masoning. Tell P.P. the coat does admirably for a swell General; I wear it every day. It was too good for the trenches last year.

TO HIS MOTHER.

CAMP, SEBASTOPOL, *5th January 1856.*

The French have got the contract for the mails, consequently they have become most irregular; the last came earlier than usual, only one day after its time. It was very good of you all taking so much pains about my boxes. I have no doubt they will arrive quite safe, and the things prove quite as good as if they had been here on Christmas Day; as that season has passed it will be an advantage. Pray thank the Tryes for their thoughtfulness.

When we take the field again we shall want but little. I am sending to London for an outfit, but I see nothing in my list that will suit as a present from them. Most of the things

are, in price, beyond what I should like them to send—saddles, pack-saddles, patrol tent, telescope, etc., all of which I require of a certain pattern from certain makers ; moreover, I am a rich man now with more money than I can spend. If they like to send me three black silk neck-handkerchiefs to go once round, marked by one of the party, they will be most useful, and will be highly appreciated. If they are sent to Messrs. Prater and Co., Charing Cross, in sufficient time, they will forward them with other things. If the small seeds of kindness always brought back such plentiful returns, it would be well worth while sowing.

For several days after the 8th I was overwhelmed with visitors congratulating me on my regiment having done the most brilliant thing during the day. When the accounts came back from England, I was somewhat surprised to find nothing said about the Royal Welch, except a slight notice that was entirely false. I assure you, the Crimean heroes in the Crimea are a very different set of men from the Crimean heroes in England ; we don't recognise the latter.

Will you please send the enclosed cheque to England, I don't know his¹ address now. Wish him a merry Christmas, and New Year, though it is a little late. Tell him Styles is well, so is Bob. If he could go up to Messrs. Prater's and get my cocked hat and gold-lace cap out of my baggage, I would pay his expenses; he would like the trip, perhaps. Good old man, what is he going to do with himself? He would make a capital porter, or lodge-keeper; he is honest as the day. How is his child?

I have very little news to give you from here. The weather is still very cold; we have had another fall of snow.

I continue to take my brigade out every Thursday, and have a regiment ball-firing every day; the men are wonderfully healthy, and in capital spirits. The day before yesterday my brigade turned out and attacked the First Brigade with snowballs; they had a splendid fight. A great many prisoners were taken on both sides; we got Colonel Wellesley. The Royal Welch took fourteen officers, and

¹ My old servant.

made them all pay half a crown each ransom, the soldiers paid a penny.

We hear various rumours, some of peace, some of war. Many are the speculations respecting the future seat of war. Nothing is known for certain, or even known at all.

Congratulate Millett on his promotion from me; tell him it is a fine time to read up the Drill Book, Queen's Regulations, etc., while he is lying on his sofa. He is a fine, plucky boy, but shockingly idle.

I got a nice letter from Parlby the mail before last, also one from Mrs. Parlby. Will you kindly send me an Army List—I should like a monthly one—and a "Hart" for January?

What a pity to sell poor old Glen Dye; I thought that house would run away with a deal of money.

Parks Smith has gone away to the First Brigade, Light Division. John is away in the Mediterranean.

I had a capital little party of Royal Welchmen on New Year's Eve. We had a round game at my round table and a supper—we sat down ten. The supper was declared

perfection. Bell made the mull ; we had some songs, and drank the health of 1856 all in proper style.

If you are writing to Mr. Price, you may tell him I got Captain M'Neil an appointment to the land transport corps, and he is getting on very well. You can tell Beck that I kept the hunting-whip and spurs that came out in the box, thinking they may have been Charles' ; I shall send them home by the first opportunity. I want poor Charles' age to put on his tombstone, which is finished by this time, I believe.

TO HIS MOTHER.

CAMP, SEBASTOPOL, 14th January 1856.

The boxes have arrived all safe and in excellent order. Poor Duff's boxes, which arrived about a week earlier, were full of salt water, so it is lucky mine did not come sooner, they might have been in the same ship. We ate two of the mince-pies yesterday ; they were capital, looked and tasted as fresh as if they had just been made. My old friend the biscuit-cake is as good a fellow as he ever was. The

honey is much appreciated both by myself and A.D.C., who recognised it at once.

The books are very nice ; I have not had time to read them yet, but tell Cat. I found her mark. I took a number over to our hospital this morning, where they were to be added to the little library I had already commenced,—a valuable addition, and books that the soldiers will like. Styles chose the *Pilgrim's Progress* ; I wrote his name in it. He was very much pleased, and desired me to thank Cat. for it. Thank Sam Lynes for the German books ; also P. P. for the pomatum, I will anoint my beard the first time I go to call on any ladies.

When you write to the good lady at Aubonne, pray thank her for the beautiful, warm comforter ; it is a charming one. The paper is most useful ; I frequently find difficulty in getting it good here. The mince-meat and pudding I have not tried yet, but have no doubt they will be good. We ate the green-pea soup yesterday, and very good it was. I have got the slippers on, and very comfortable they are ; they fit to a T. I can see a difference in

the work, but when they are on, the general effect is good ; they are very pretty and warm looking.

Bell came in just as the boxes arrived ; I made him stay and dine, after which we opened them with as much delight as a set of schoolboys. I like you very much, but Cat.'s a fright. She is making mouths and has lost her eyes ; now she used to have a very respectable pair of orbs, and the loss of them does not improve her appearance.

I have nothing to tell you from here. The weather became quite warm for two or three days last week ; yesterday it rained all day ; last night it set to work and froze as hard as it could, also snowed a little ; to-day has been very cold with a strong north wind.

I took a long ride on Saturday round the Highland Division ; they are in a very pretty valley beyond Balaklava. It is such a change to us to see trees and bushes again, the smell of them is so nice and fresh. I have my brigade out twice a week now, once to drill, once to march ; we are getting on very well. I have some rough material, but we are getting into

shape; I don't think many will beat us at work.

TO HIS MOTHER.

CAMP, SEBASTOPOL, 4th February 1856.

No Scripture readers ever come near our division. I will make inquiry through the army on the subject, and let you know further by the next mail.

The attack in *The Times* on the army with regard to their drunken habits was founded on the fact that the correspondent had seen, when passing through the English market on Sunday afternoon, as many as "forty or fifty" soldiers going home, or trying to go home, very drunk.

It certainly appears, at first sight, a large number of drunken men together; but think of the number that they misrepresent. The First, Second, Third, Fourth, and Light Division all frequent this Donnybrook Fair, besides all the commissariat department, the siege-train, the batteries of each division, and the land transport corps. The five divisions have ten regiments each, five tens are fifty, therefore one man from each

regiment (of about 700 strong) would make up the number that attracted the correspondent's attention, without considering the artillery, commissariat, land transport, etc.

Now, I should like to know in what part of England you will find any set of labourers, townsmen, manufacturers, miners, colliers, or any other of the lower classes, who have not more than one man drunk out of 700 on a Sunday afternoon? I will answer for it, the average in many cases is nearer 50 out of 700. Moreover, look at the temptation: our men have more money than they know what to do with; they have plenty to eat, more clothing than they can wear, and liquor abounds in every direction. The fact is, the men of the army here are infinitely more sober than in England, which can be proved by comparing numbers in the Royal Welch. We have not one-third as many cases of drunkenness as we had in England. Moreover, the sums sent home by the soldiers every month are enormous.

John Bull is never satisfied unless he is crying "stinking fish," and abusing everybody who attempts to serve him faithfully. It is

all very well talking of its being a "glorious charter" to call oneself "an Englishman," as the song says, but certainly it entails a considerable amount of abuse from one's admirers (?).

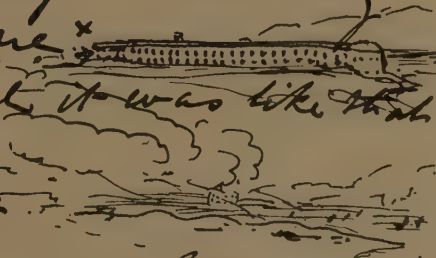
They are trying to make us believe here that there is to be peace; I don't believe it yet. It would be too soon for me, of course. I should be thrown over at once as not wanted, if the army was to be sent home. I shall also miss the broader ribbon. However, I must not be selfish, it will be a great thing for many, and I might be the first man knocked over, so I will be content to go home and see you and Cat. It would, I think, be better for the prestige of the British army to go on a little longer; we are in capital condition now. I am happy to say my brigade is getting on very well; people are beginning to look at it with a little jealousy.

To-day the Fort Nicholas has been blown up by the French. I went to see it from our hill. Pélissier was there with all his staff, and a number of other people. It was a very pretty sight, and very well done. One minute it was like that X, the next like that O. The

columns of smoke, were splendid. It has opened the view considerably.

I believe I thanked you for the sticking plaster in my last letter. It came just in time, I cut my fingers for the occasion.

*pretty sight and has
 well done. one minute it was like that
 the next
 like that
 the columns of smoke
 were splendid it has opened
 the view considerably*



Parks Smith's chapel flourishes, and his preaching is admired.

Theatricals are very much the fashion now. The Rifle Brigade of our division have been acting the "United Fusiliers." The 7th and 23rd are now getting up a very good theatre. I do not join, but have painted a scene for them.

My man Friday (Duff) makes a capital A.D.C., he keeps house and squares the accounts; our establishment is considered very correct. We have had several dinner-parties lately, all very successful. Our last plum pudding out of the basket was capital. Last week I had a musical party. A surgeon in the 33rd has a seraphine, a thing that plays like a piano, and you blow the bellows with your foot. I got it over, and he played, and very well too; lots of glees, mulled wine, solos, etc.—my party went off very well.

I am glad to hear Millett is able to get about again. It will be a long time before he will be able to use his arm.

TO HIS SISTER.

CAMP, SEBASTOPOL, *25th February* 1856.

In my room at this moment I have got the funniest kitten that ever was seen. It belongs to Chippendale, my brigade-major, and has walked in to pay a first visit. Every now and then she jumps up into my lap, pokes her head into my pockets, then up my sleeve, next

moment she is on my shoulder, then on my head. There is not a crack or corner in the house she has not explored. While my servant was waiting at dinner she made two or three furious rushes at him, and succeeded in scrambling up on to his shoulder from the ground. She is a regular Russian cat, white, with large slate-coloured spots on her back and face ; they are much more sociable and intelligent than English cats are. So much for pussyology.

To my surprise, in walked John Carnegie this morning with a very nice little midddy, Clayton by name. He walked up from Kamiesh. I gave him an early dinner, as he had to be on board to sail to-night for Kimburn, and I then put him and his boy on horses and sent them back. He was looking uncommonly well. He had not heard from any one for a long time. I suppose his letters had miscarried, so I gave him all the news I had.

Yesterday we had a splendid review of the greater part of our Infantry by Sir W. Codrington. It was a magnificent sight, about 23,000 men under arms. We were formed in

a line of contiguous quarter-distance columns, the Guards on the right, ourselves on the left. The General rode down the lines attended by all the Staff, and about a thousand spectators, English, French, and Sardinians. After that we marched past at half-distance, each brigade having all its bands joined into one monster band (I had 142 men in mine). After that we formed in contiguous columns of divisions in mass, then marched past in another place in quarter-distance columns, then went home.

The French were very much astonished. They had no idea we really had such a splendid army, or that our men could move so perfectly as they did; they, moreover, looked the picture of health. Our division was very much admired; they were said to march past better than any. Strangers liked them very much; they said the Guards and Highlanders had very fine feathers, but they thought we looked more workmanlike, and moved with greater ease and freedom. This was a great victory, after being cut to pieces so often, and having our ranks full of recruits.

We have just finished a very nice monument

to poor Poole, Dyneley, Somerville, and Holden. I have been writing letters and sending sketches of it to their relations. I am waiting for a sketch of Beck's stone to send home.

P.S.—The kitten got its tail in the ink!

27th February.—Count Julio Lita and Jackson Eldridge dined with me last night.

TO HIS SISTER.

CAMP, SEBASTOPOL, *14th March 1856.*

Parks Smith asked me to make him a sketch of his cathedral, as they call it. I did so, and send you a copy. We have no news here. Everybody is waiting to hear whether it is to be peace or war.



I suppose you know by this time; we may hear by telegraph any day now. We have a report that there has been a hitch in the conferences; we shall, of course, hear a great many "shaves" before the truth arrives. In the meanwhile we are getting up more men.

My brigade is so strong that I have hardly room to move them on the hills in front of my camp. I had a great field-day yesterday. To-day there has been a meeting between the Russian, English, French, and Sardinian chiefs of the Staff about the armistice. I have not heard the result.

Our weather still continues extremely cold for the season. To-night it is blowing a cold northerly gale with driving snow; it makes everybody very bilious.

Wetherall is to start to-morrow for England to appear before the Board of General Officers assembled to ask impertinent questions. John Bull seems determined to throw dirt at everybody who attempts to serve him. They are abusing Codrington in the most contemptible manner now.

The day before yesterday I went out to look for poor Captain Crofton's grave. He was an officer who died of cholera eighteen months ago, while we were on the march to Balaklava. He actually died on the stretcher on which he was being carried, and was buried in the plain, while we were engaged in the capture of that

place. Colonel Stratton, the assistant surgeon of the 77th, and Crofton's servant went with me. I took them along the track by which we had marched from the Traktir bridge, but everything had so entirely altered, that the servant, who was present at the burial, could recognise nothing.

At last, by tracing out the faint remains of the old enclosures round what had been vineyards, I found the exact spot where we had formed and taken off our packs before the attack. He then said: "If that is the place where the 77th halted, the grave must be here," pointing to a little rising ground, and walking up to the place he pointed to a slight mark in the ground, and said, "That must be it." We could hardly make out that there was any mark at all; however, we went up to a neighbouring Sardinian camp, got a man with a spade, and dug down. After a short time the servant thought he had found something, and feeling with his hand, he brought up a bit of gray cloth with silk lining. Stratton told him to try again and see if there was any red cloth, as Captain Crofton had been buried in his red

coat. A piece of red cloth was found, and a piece of a flannel shirt which the servant could swear to.

This morning we sent down a cart and a coffin. The body was taken up. The buttons, breastplate, all were complete; the body perfect. It has been brought up and placed in the 77th burial-ground. To-morrow, a marble cross, which has been sent out by his friends, is to be erected over the new grave. Everybody declared it was impossible to find the spot; two camps had been there since. Horses and buffaloes had been kept on the ground, and the whole face of the country changed. He was a cousin of Drewe by whom the stone was ordered from Constantinople.

TO HIS MOTHER.

CAMP, SEBASTOPOL, 21st March 1856.

We are still without any definite news regarding peace. The Russians have a report that it is all decided. Our mail is late, owing to the strong easterly gales that have been blowing for the last ten days. The weather is still

wretchedly cold, though bright and sunny. The wind blows through everything; the walls of my house do not appear to interrupt it in the slightest degree.

On Wednesday last we had great foot-races and games for the army. Some French and Sardinian soldiers entered against our men, but had no chance; they were never heard of after the start. A man of our division won the champion's belt for running. We also won the quarter of a mile race, open to all nations. On Monday we are to have our "First Spring Meeting." The racecourse is to be on the Tchernaya, and the Russians are invited.

We have been having great shooting matches amongst the men. The army match is to be on my ground, which is allowed to be the best. Gipps of the Guards, son of my old friend Sir George in Canada, is working hard at musketry instruction. I have no news in particular.

The French are building a ballroom to hold 3000 people. The Russians are to be asked; they must bring all the ladies. I don't think

English and French together could muster two dozen, and that's twenty-four too many to be in camp. I think if our Allies were to devote their money to the care of their sick, who are dying by hundreds, they would do better than in squandering it on a stupid ball. What did you think of Sir de Lacy's speech?

TO HIS MOTHER.

CAMP, SEBASTOPOL, *28th March 1856.*

I have very little to say from here beyond giving you a description of our grand races in the Tchernaya valley, which came off on Monday last. It was one of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen. The greater part of the English, French, and Sardinian armies were there, all well dressed and the officers well mounted. There must have been as many as 100,000 people on the ground. The Russian Generals would not allow their people to come, nevertheless a few hundreds got down to the Tchernaya. Our own soldiers crowded along the bank on our side, and threw biscuits, bottles of porter, money, etc., over to them.

From the heights the river, with the crowds on its banks, looked like a large serpent winding several miles along the valley; in fact, there were as many looking at the Russians as the races. The French won two races, a pony race and a steeplechase. The Marquis de Talon won the latter; he rode very well, and had a very good English horse, "Paddy Boy."

Pélissier had a splendid throne made for himself on a little hill near the winning-post, with bands, guards, sentries, and all sorts of French humbug about him. Codrington rode and walked about like a plain English gentleman. Everything went off very well. I have got a sketch of the course.

The day before yesterday I dined with the 7th to meet Sir W. Codrington, after which he honoured our theatre with his presence. The performance was capital, and the stage looked extremely pretty. I had completed the wings for my scene in the morning; it was much admired. My old friend George Cadogan painted a very pretty drop-scene for us. Everybody declared it to be the best and prettiest theatre in the Crimea.

Our weather still continues very cold, but fine. We have constant gales from the north-east. The armistice is extended. We hear reports about peace, but nothing certain.

P.S.—If you wish to complete your suit of clothes, I have a pair of very old trousers with two shot holes in them, and a coatee with a shot through the skirt.

TO HIS SISTER.

CAMP, SEBASTOPOL, *4th April* 1856.

I do hope and expect to be able to get home and see you in the course of two or three months, but nothing is known, as yet, of our moves. It is possible I may be employed with some army of observation. All the old officers out here say that I shall be confirmed as Major-General, but I am not sanguine; there are so many favourites about the Horse Guards to be provided for, that we poor fools who have been wasting all our time out here have but little chance. I must say I should not like to go back to the routine of regimental duty, after having become accustomed to the duties of a

general officer, and having had command of a brigade which is stronger than our divisions were at the commencement of the war. I have had this brigade nearly seven months, previous to which I commanded the First Brigade several times, for shorter periods, and once brought them out of action—we shall see.

Our authorities are so slow about everything. The French have got their C.B.s, the English Crimean medal, and the Order of the Medjidie, long ago; but although heaps of Legions of Honour have been sent by the French, not one has been issued to any of us, or a single Medjidie. It has been talked of so long, that all interest has ceased, and people begin not to care whether they get them or not. The list has gone to England, I hear.

The weather here is most extraordinary. Yesterday we had a very heavy snow-storm from the south, and last night the wind came round to the north, and it became intensely cold. To-day the sun is most brilliant, but it freezes hard, and the wind is bitterly cold.

We received the announcement of peace on Wednesday last, and fired 101 guns in honour

of it. We have no other news; everything is getting very stupid now. It will be a great relief to get away from here. I have been staring at this camp and Sebastopol quite long enough; I am tired of it.

TO HIS MOTHER.

CAMP (in a profound state of peace),
10th April 1856.

At last we have got some mild weather. Yesterday was warm and fine; to-day is finer



still; the snow is fast disappearing from the mountains.

We know nothing as yet of our destinations; the speculations are various. Every preparation is being made for a move in any direction that may be ordered; stores are being embarked, transports got ready, etc.

All restriction is now taken off as to boundary. We are allowed to go where we like, so are the Russians. Officers come from them to see our reviews, we go to see theirs, and great cordiality exists between the armies. We hear the Russians are suffering sadly from fever. They are badly off for everything, and come in crowds to our markets to buy provisions.

To-day I have the arrangement of the army rifle matches. To-morrow I am going a long ride over to the north side.

I have no particular news of any sort to tell you. I have just received my outfit for the ensuing campaign—that is not to come off; however, many of the things will be useful. I have got a very good telescope that I wanted, at any rate, and money is by no means scarce with me; my balance still increases.

TO HIS SISTER.

CAMP, 18th April 1856.

I have two or three small particles of news to boil up for a letter.

No. 1. The day before yesterday I started off with Duff for a long ride into Russian Crimea. We passed over the Traktir bridge and crossed the valley in the direction of M'Kenzie's farm, but, instead of ascending the heights, we kept round by a valley to the right till we came to the entrance of the Koralis Pass and the singular hill of Mangup Kali. The high rocky ridge of hill which runs along the north side of the harbour of Sebastopol, continues round to M'Kenzie's Heights, and then on to Aitoder, where it ends in an abrupt promontory, or rather turns back in a north-westerly direction. To the east the ridge again appears, leaving a gap of about a mile and a half in width, in the centre of which is an isolated hill, with a perpendicular crown of rock on its summit, on which are the remains of an old fort.

We passed a Cossack encampment at the mouth of the pass, and proceeded down a very good road with a small stream by its side, and steep banks topped with ridges of rock on either hand. About a mile down we found a fortified position with guns. We rode to Mangup Kali, through the Koralis Pass,

lunched with some Russian officers, and came back by the Tchorgoun valley in time for dinner, after a ride of about 36 miles.

Yesterday the whole of the French and English armies were reviewed for Luders. The former were formed up in small columns, with large intervals between them, and stretched over 4 or 5 miles of country. The French said they had 200 guns and 90,000 men! We took the liberty of counting them, so did the Russians, and found about 90 guns, and only 30,000 men!

After the French review they all came over to lunch with Codrington. I had an invite, and after taking my brigade to its place in the line, I went to see the fun. There were two rooms decorated with flags. About thirty-five people sat down in No. 1 room—Codrington with Luders on his right and Pélissier on his left, Sir Colin Campbell opposite with Della Marmora on his right and some great swell on his left, other swells all round. The second room was also full, with a table in centre and side-tables on each side—nothing smaller than a brigadier was admitted.

After looking about, I went off to my men. Our army was formed in line of contiguous quarter-distance columns, their backs to the headquarter house, with forty-two guns on one flank and forty-six on the other. The Highlanders were formed up in two lines, facing inwards to make an avenue for the Generals to pass from headquarters through the centre of the main line.

A portion of the land transport corps was drawn up in line in rear with their waggons and carts. When the Generals came to the front, a salute was fired by the Horse Artillery on the extreme right, after which Codrington, followed by a large escort of the 11th Hussars and his staff, took them down the line. The dense mass of mounted officers of every colour, nation, and description that followed was a most singular sight. Whilst they were going off to the right, the Highlanders formed in columns and filled up the space in the centre, so that the line was complete by the time the Generals came down.

After this we all marched past in quarter-distance columns down a little valley, all the

bands of each brigade collected into one. The marching was perfect. Our division was generally admired, and said to have marched past the best.

The Russians thought our Artillery very fine, especially our horses. I hear they were very much surprised to find we had such a magnificent army. The French had been telling them all sorts of stories about us, which—together with the evil reports in our own papers—had led them to suppose that we were merely a small contingent.

The fact was, we turned out as many men as the French, and in infinitely better order. We had 31,000 rank and file on parade; counting sergeants, etc., 34,000 Infantry, eighty-eight guns complete in everything and splendidly horsed, and a very large division of well-horsed land transport, a line of waggons about a mile long—this only for one division. We have seven times as much all ready; whereas the French have none left. They could not move the small army they have left if the war had continued; so, after all the abuse from our own country and

every one else, we come out of the war infinitely better than either of the other nations. My own brigade looked uncommonly well; I had over 3200 men—one of the strongest brigades in the field.

TO HIS MOTHER.

CAMP, SEBASTOPOL, *25th April 1856.*

On Monday last I rode over with a large party to "The field of the Alma." We found all the places where we halted on the way, and the field itself, just as we left it. I was able to point out all the positions, and I found that my impression and recollection of the ground were quite correct. Though the wind was blowing hard, I succeeded in getting a panoramic sketch of the heights with, I think, considerable accuracy. On our way back we were caught in a very heavy hail-storm; many of the horses would not face it, but turned round, or refused to proceed. It certainly cut one's face uncommonly.

On my return home I found John Carnegie looking very well. He stopped with me, till Wednesday. On Tuesday I took him out for a

very pretty ride up the valley of the Tchernaya to a village called Kutchka, with pretty green fields round it, just like a Devonshire village.

Yesterday we had a great army day — Infantry only. It was a fine sight to see 30,000 men moving, but I did not approve of Sir William Codrington's tactics. I think if he had attacked me in the manner in which he advanced, I could have thrashed him with half his number. My brigade did very well. We got back to camp soon after seven, having started at one.

Five regiments—17th, 39th, 62nd, 63rd, and another—are off to Canada under Sir William Eyre. We have heard nothing of our destination yet. I was walking out to-day and I met Colonel Adams riding with a civilian, who turned out to be Beck. I had a talk with him, and shall go and see him to-morrow.

My best love to Cat. Remembrances to everybody. Bob desires to be remembered. I enclose violets; the most crinkly-up ones are from the Alma, plucked from the bank under which the Light Division tried to form after crossing the river, and where poor Charles

Conolly was shot. The others are from Inkermann.

TO HIS SISTER.

CAMP, SEBASTOPOL, *7th May 1856.*

I have been a trip, and will inflict you with the particulars. On Tuesday last Mr. Jackson, the chief interpreter and head of the Secret Service, Major Chippendale, my major of brigade, Captain Jennings, 19th Regiment, Duff, A.D.C., and the Honourable John Carnegie, assembled at my hut at 5.30 in the morning for breakfast.

We started our servants off at four, with baggage, forage, etc., under command of Styles. His detachment consisted of four soldier-servants and a Bulgarian servant, who first was with poor Crofton, 77th Regiment, then went to his cousin Drewe, and now is in the service of Duff. Styles, on my mare, led a mule with provisions, and "Tim," the Bulgarian, mounted on a pony, led another mule loaded with forage and clothing for the horses. The other servants had saddle-bags on the horses they

rode, except Jennings' man who led a pony with provisions.

At six o'clock we started ; I rode Bob, John had Sultan. It was a thick fog, so thick that we had difficulty in finding our way through the camp. Having been in these "diggings" for some considerable time, I was able to lead my party safe to M'Kenzie's Heights, where we rode into a beautiful, clear, fine day, leaving the sea fog behind.

At the first Russian camp we saw a large review, or rather church parade, where they were blessing colours, it being their third day in Easter ; then we went on to Bakchi Sarai, crossing the Belbec and Katchka. The old palace of the Khans at that town is very curious ; it is now used as an hospital for the Russian soldiers. The town itself is singular, built in a narrow valley or ravine, the upper part of which is enclosed by perpendicular rocks on each side.

Having baited our horses and lunched, we proceeded up the ravine to Chuphut Kaleh, a very curious old Jewish town, situated on a narrow table rock, with deep ravines on each

side of it. We visited the synagogue in which were innumerable silver lamps, and saw their burying-ground, the valley of Jehoshaphat, and then rode across country towards Simferopol. After some little difficulty we got back into the main road, intending to sleep at the post-house, but on our arrival there we found three Russian regiments of Militia halting; so we were forced to push on to Simferopol. Jackson and Duff rode on to get lodgings; we all remained with the baggage, which, by the bye, we caught up near Bakchi Sarai, minus Jennings' servant and baggage. He, having fancied himself very clever, left Styles and lost himself in the fog; we never saw him again.

The night closed in very dark, and I found great difficulty in keeping the track over the wild steppe country. However at ten o'clock we arrived safe at our journey's end, about 55 miles, and after waiting a short time at the entrance of the town, Jackson and Duff came to fetch us. They had succeeded in getting a room, a stable for Bob, and a yard for all the other horses. As we proceeded, we found the

whole town illuminated — their custom at Easter.

Our room proved to be a small one off the public room, in which were a long table and a large euterpion, which was continually being wound up and set to work. It was a beautiful instrument, but not pleasant when you wanted to sleep.

We had some supper, and I and Duff managed to get off to bed, or rather to floor, for there was nothing else; but Jackson was heard talking Russian by a party of officers who were drinking champagne, and evidently going to make a night of it before marching on the following morning. He was seized and kissed by them all round—Jennings, Chippendale, and Carnegie shared the same fate—and it ended by their fraternising and drinking toasts till four o'clock the next morning. Every bottle that was emptied had a candle put in it, and they were ranged in a row down the table. Twenty-seven were found at daylight, besides a number that nobody was able to put in the row.

The second day we went to see the Greek Church, and drove about Simferōpol (that is

where the accent should be), a town with broad streets, small houses, and dirty.

Opposite our hotel was a boulevard or garden where a band played, and numbers of smart ladies walked every day at four o'clock. The place was full of British officers; I was glad to get away from the noise and dirt and bad champagne. Duff, who had been a prisoner there, found several of his friends who were very civil. At his request, we called on one of them who had been his jailer. The jailer, of course, produced the inevitable bottle of champagne, without which nothing in Russia can be done—he had drunk some with us not ten minutes before at the hotel.

At three o'clock we got away, and at the end of a pretty ride of about 8 miles, we came to the house of one of the Tartar princes, the most wealthy man in the Crimea, with whom Jackson was acquainted. The prince was away; but his son, a very nice boy, received us, and gave us stables for all our horses, twelve in number, and showed us into their best rooms. The first was a good-sized room with the Turkish sofa running round two sides of it, covered with

cushions of rich gold and silk stuffs ; through this apartment was another room with sofas all round, still richer than the first.

Soon after our arrival, coffee was handed round ; we then walked about the garden, came in, and found tea waiting served in tumblers, with a plate full of slices of lemon that you put in it—and such tea ! English people do not know what tea is ; our very best is as different from Russian tea as small beer is from champagne. We drank several tumblers of this delightful beverage and smoked cigarettes and felt very hungry ; but eight o'clock came, then nine, still nothing to eat appeared ; we began to think the custom of the country did not extend to eating. However, after sundry speculations, doubts and fears, at nearly ten the old major-domo with one servant came in and laid a table in English style, with tablecloth, napkins, china plates—all very handsome.

We sat down ; our dinner consisted of vermicelli soup (excellent !), lamb, then a dish of green balls, which proved to be a kind of rissole rolled up in a leaf of spinach (very

good), next came a dish of pastry, thin layers of paste with honey between (capital, so light), then the usual dish of rice, last a glass bowl of a sort of grape soup, with four beautiful silver ladles round it on a tray.

Dinner being over we returned to our sofas, and in less than five minutes everything was cleared away, as though no dinner had ever been served in the house. The waiting was perfect; only one man in the room besides the old butler, who stood at the door and occasionally handed in a plate, but there were about fifteen outside; still not a sound was heard, things came like magic. It being late, a procession of men entered the room with more large silk cushions and eider-down quilts, and made delicious beds for us, in which we slept wonderfully well.

Next morning, after drinking tea, writing an address to the lady of the house—whom, of course, we did not see—wishing good-bye to the elders of the village who, by the bye, waited on us the evening before, we started again for the Pass of Angar. One of the elders, a fine old man with big beard, in Tartar dress, told

us he had been at Paris with the army of occupation ; this was a singular meeting.

We have a field-day this afternoon for Sir William, so I must finish my journey in my next letter. Who do you think dined with me last night, but Pocklington, who is here on a visit.

TO HIS SISTER.

CAMP, SEBASTOPOL, 11th May 1856.

After I sent off my letter yesterday we had our field-day down in the valley towards Kamacha. We had about 6000 men out, and it went off very well, and the men looked uncommonly well. The day was beautiful.

Now I'll go back to my journey. Having wished our hospitable friends good-bye at Mamu-Sultan, we proceeded up the Angar Pass. The road is very good ; it follows the curve of the Angar river or stream up a narrow ravine with the Tchatir Dagħ, or tent-mountain, so called from its likeness to a tent at a distance, on one side and the Demerge on the other. At the height of 2500 feet

above the level of the sea, it passes over a ridge, and you suddenly come on a view of the sea and beautiful country about Alushta. Here we had a picnic in a pretty grassy spot, fed our horses, and then descended, winding backwards and forwards, to the sea.

Jackson got us lodgings at the head Tartar's house; the room was clean with sofas round it, but none of the splendour of the previous night. We walked about; some of the party bathed; I sketched.

We dined in the true Tartar style. A sort of low stool was placed with a large, round pewter tray on it. The dinner consisted of a dish of lamb—no plates or knives were given, we ate with our fingers. We were informed that the etiquette was to eat entirely with the left hand, and touch nothing with the right. We conformed with all the customs; all very well for once, but no improvement on our own style. We slept on the sofas, and started again next morning with a guide along the coast road, sending the baggage along the Woronzoff road that runs along high up the hills.

We passed through some beautiful bays, on the banks of which were the most delightful country houses, surrounded with nice green gardens and vineyards. We stopped to taste the wines at one or two of them; they are excellent. The champagne is capital, and the muscat of the most delicious flavour.

At Nikita we rejoined our baggage on the Woronzoff road, lunched, fed our horses, tasted some more wine with some friends of Duff's, and then went on to Yalta.

Jackson and two of the party rode on and got three empty rooms in the Great Hotel, all the furnished rooms being engaged already by British officers. I got a stable for Bob, the other horses were shut up in a yard. We got some supper and slept on the floor. The hotel was kept by a Frenchman, who had married an Englishwoman, who was a nurse in a house that Jackson had lived in in Russia. They were, therefore, very civil to us, and made us as comfortable as they could.

Next morning I roused our party up early. We all went out and washed in the river, got some breakfast, and started off. I went to get

a sketch, while the rest of our people paid the bill, etc.

Yalta is a nice little town, with some good stone houses. It is situated in the centre of a large amphitheatre of mountains. There is a very pretty Greek Church on a small hill at the back.

As soon as our party joined me, we proceeded on our road; first to the beautiful villa of Count Pototski, over which we went. It is beautifully arranged and furnished. At the end of the drawing-room, which is a long room with inlaid oak floor and innumerable windows down to the ground, is a marble fountain in a sort of arbour of creepers—so cool and nice. In the different rooms were very fine specimens of marble and bronze antiquities, principally from Pompeii; a pair of straight candlesticks standing on the floor, about 5 feet high, were splendid. The chimney-pieces, of Crimean and Swedish marbles, were very handsome. I took a sketch from one of the windows.

Next we went on to Orianda, the Empress's palace. Here we had to go through the form of getting an order to go over the house. It is

a square building of a good deal of pretension, with statues, facing towards the sea. It is situated near the beach under some high perpendicular rocks, on the top of one of which is a temple of white stone. In the centre of the house is a large court covered in with glass, with a fountain in the middle, palm trees, etc., round it, and painted in Eastern style; the effect is good. The dining-room was fine; the doors and tables made of Crimean walnut. I should think about sixty or seventy people could sit down to dinner in it.

The man who showed us round took particular care to tell us that nearly everything was of Russian manufacture. There were suites of apartments told off for the Emperor, his staff, and everybody complete; but, altogether, I thought it rather tawdry, and not in half such good taste as Count Pototski's nice, liveable house.

Next we went on to Alupka, Prince Woronzoff's palace, where we were to find our baggage, and bait our horses. Unfortunately they had made a mistake and gone on, so we went over the palace, a very large, gray

building, with a tremendous front towards the sea ; it was built by an English architect. The passages are very narrow, and there is no staircase, except a narrow one, like a tower staircase. The dining-room is handsome, with granite fountains on one side, and a very large granite vase in the centre window ; you go through a nice conservatory to this room. We went to the kitchen, which is 150 yards at least from the dining-room, down a dark, damp passage. The garden is the best part of the place ; it is made in a wilderness of rocks admirably managed, with little lakes, waterfalls, caves, etc.

After seeing everything we set off in chase of our baggage ; but, after riding about 10 miles, we learned from a party that was going the opposite way to us that our men were at least two hours ahead of us, so we had to go quietly on, hoping they would stop somewhere when they were tired.

We passed Demidoff's place, where we had intended to sleep, and went on up the Phorus Pass to Baidar, where we arrived after dark, both ourselves and horses having travelled

from early morning without anything to eat, and gone 9 miles beyond our destination. After a short time we got an empty Tartar hut to sleep in, and some sheds for our horses, then cooked some dinner, lay down on the floor and slept soundly, all very tired.

The next day we started late ; rode through the pretty valleys of Baidar and Varnutka, and so on home to camp, where we arrived at about three o'clock.

John Carnegie was mightily pleased with his trip, and returned to the *Sidon* next morning.

TOTAL LOSS OF THE ROYAL WELCH FUSILIERS DURING
THE CRIMEAN WAR.

	Officers.	Sergeants.	Drummers.	Rank and File.
Killed	14	11	2	196
Died of wounds and diseases .	6	1	1	526
Missing	...	...	...	38
Total .	20	12	3	760

404 N.C. officers, drummers, and privates were invalided to England during the war in addition to the above.

TO HIS MOTHER.

CAMP, SEBASTOPOL, *19th May* 1856.

We are still all uncertainty here ; one mail we hear we are to go home as a division and be nearly last ; the next, that we are to go home in detachments ; no one appears to know anything. The French are getting away very fast. We have sent all the Sardinians off, and a few of our own regiments ; but it is slow work, and the life here is getting very monotonous, and all the interest is gone. I have been working at my History of the Regiment ; I have got up to the end of 1854, which is of course the principal part. I have touched up one or two of my sketches that I made during my tour.

We propose making another trip of two days, I think, on Thursday and Friday ; Carnegie is to come and his captain, Inglefield. John is with me to-day ; he dines and sleeps here to-night, and will go back to his ship to-morrow. The only difficulty is to mount all these gentlemen ; we are ordered to get rid of our horses, or send them home at our own expense, that is, all beyond what we are allowed in time of peace. I

am allowed, by regulations, to take home two ; I shall keep Bob of course, and I may take Sultan, but what I am to do with the mare I don't know. The Russians offer £3 and £4 for a horse ; this is rather a sacrifice. I have sold my mule, and think I can sell my Bat pony.

After writing my last letter from the Crimea, I had one more charming ride to the beautiful Baidar Valley, the Phorus Pass, and down to Count Perofski's palace. Captain Inglefield and the Hon. John Carnegie, Major Bunbury, Jennings, Jervoise, and Duff accompanied me.

On the 14th of June the 23rd Royal Welch Fusiliers marched with the 33rd regiment to Kazatch, and embarked for England on board H.M.S. *London*, 90 guns.

Having seen nearly all the army off, I was given a passage as a Brigadier on board the auxiliary screw steamship *Jason* ; and on the 14th June I embarked at Balaklava with Colonel Henry's splendid battery of Horse Artillery.

While steaming down off the coast of Greece we had a narrow escape of being blown up. A

fire broke out early in the morning in the hold, where all the ammunition boxes were stowed. Henry's men behaved splendidly. Some of them went down with Lieut. Dyneley, the adjutant, and pulled the boxes out of the fire, others hauled them up on deck, some charred half-way through and still burning; the rest of the men manned the falls of the boats and stood as if on parade. Not a word was spoken, though every one expected the ship to go up into the air at any moment.

A large French man-of-war was passing us at the time, we hailed her, and she remained near till we were out of danger.

At Malta I was transferred to the mail steamer *Valetta*, and I returned home by Marseilles and Boulogne, landing once more safe and sound in England on the 29th July 1856.

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